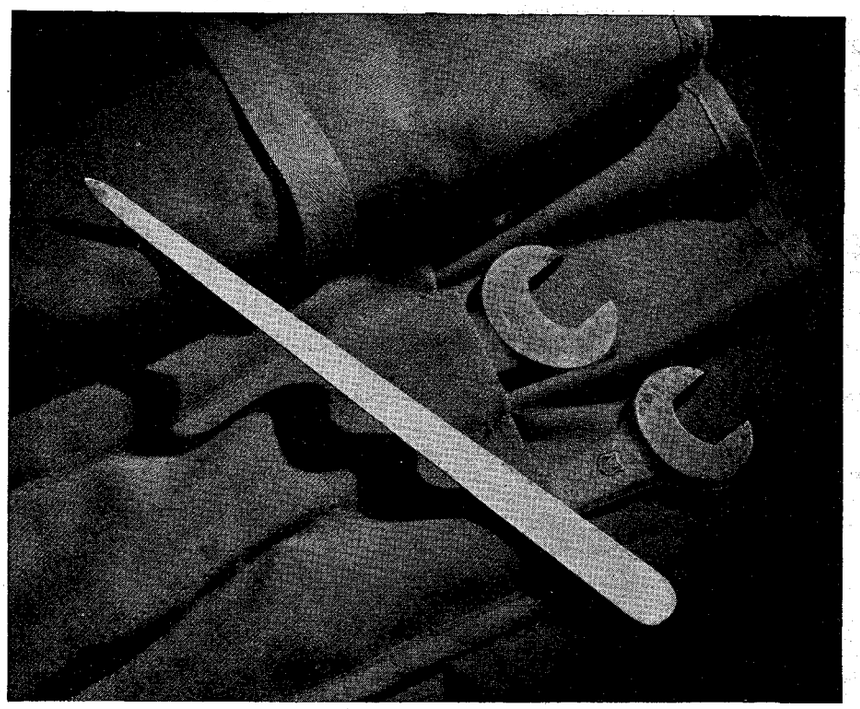

THE PASSING OF THE NAIL FILE

TWENTY YEARS AGO, the wise car driver carried a nail file to clean the platinum points in the distributor.

Today, the nail file is banished from the automobile tool kit. Tungsten points, developed in the General Electric Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, N. Y., have replaced soft and expensive platinum. There is little need to file tungsten points. Hidden away, requiring no attention, they break electric circuits half a million times an hour and save car owners millions of dollars a year.

Is this all G-E research has done for 24 million car owners? No! It has given new welding methods—and a stronger and safer car at lower cost; Glyptal finishes—and the expense of repainting your car is postponed for years; headlights and highway lighting — night driving becomes safer for motorist and pedestrian.

Every product that carries the G-E name has built into it the results of G-E research. Other industries—and the public that buys the goods of those industries—have benefited by this research, that has saved the American people from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Literary Digest

for February 29, 1936

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CONTENTS

TOPICS OF THE DAY
Neutrality Fight Ends in Compromise 5
Gun-Running Glamour for Senators 6
Dollar-Tossing Holiday 6
"Frugal Alf" Landon, as Seen by Friend and Foe 7
Farley in West Extols New Deal 8
Dismaying Labor "Sit-Downs" 8
Beauty *vs.* Oil in Oklahoma 9
Capital Oral Shillalahs 9
Hauptmann: Enigma in Face of Death 10
Acquittal in Minneapolis 10

FOREIGN COMMENT
French Eagle and Russian Bear 12
Swiss-German Crisis Intensified 13
Anglo-Egyptian Truce 13
Paraguay's Soldier-President 14
"Clay-Pigeon" Missed 14
Anglo-Italian Propaganda Bombshell 15
Mongolian Border Clashes 15
Revolutionary Tug of War in Spain 16

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE
Saddest Street: Its Light in Window 17
Washington Couldn't Win 17
Living the Life of a Mole 18
Orphans' Door to Success 18

DRAMA AND MUSIC
Loyalty and Integrity *vs.* Romance 19
On the Current Screen 20

LETTERS AND ART
Satirists: Angry and Furious 25
News of the Book World 26
Current Poetry 28

SCIENCE AND MEDICINE
Tracing "Life-Force" to Electricity 30
Depressions Plagued Babylonia, Too 31
Bark of Trees Frosting Cakes 32
He Gave the World Pictures 32

NATIONAL DEFENSE
Fending Air Attacks 33

PERSONS AND PERSONALITIES
Miss Gildersleeve: Dean 25 Years 35
Successful Defender of TVA 35

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN
Three Men Against a Clock 36
Gene Venzke: Ex-Shadow 37
Little Horse, Big Purse 37
Hockey Blast and "Cæsar's Wife" 38
Experiment at Princeton 38
"Misunderstood Head-Liner" 38

TRANSPORT
Stream-Lined Race Over Prairies 3

MISCELLANEOUS
Topics in Brief 11
The Open Forum 42
Current Events 43
What's the Name, Please? 43
The Spice of Life 44

FINANCE AND INDUSTRY
TVA: Bonfires, Sirens, and Fears 39
Americans Buying More Diamonds 40
Setting New Mark in Truck Sales 41
Revival in Home Life 41

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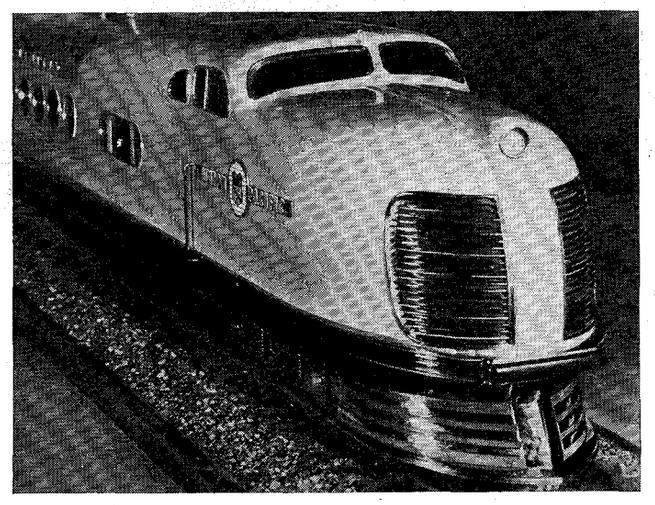
Stream-Lined Race Over Prairies

By Summer, Two Competing Railways Will Wear New Seven League Boots to Span Wheat-Lands Between Chicago and Denver

Full Stream Ahead!

This is the year when America rediscovered the railroads. We, as a nation, had got cinders in our eyes, and had resolutely forgotten the choo-choo cars. Suddenly, the railroads snapped into it, and began providing modern transportation. They gave us bars, solariums, and modern decorations. They made it fun to travel. And, as a result, their future is bright. Here is the newest thing in stream-lined marvels.

Thus reads the head-line over a *Collier's* review and forecast by Charles F. A. Mann, rail-transportation expert, who believes there's plenty of life still in the old iron-horse, winner of the West.



Power-car of Stream-Liner—City of Denver *being built for Union Pacific's Chicago-Denver overnight service*

He attributes kiting passenger-traffic gains partly to spectacular successes of stream-lined, light-weight, high-speed trains all over the nation, but particularly, across the Prairie States.

Total gross passenger revenues showed a $17,000,000 increase in 1934 over 1933, and a $5,000,000 rise in the first seven months of last year over the corresponding period the year before.

Expert's Forecast

This, to Mr. Mann, is "one of the most encouraging signs of the revival of business ever witnessed," and leads him to forecast that, within the next five years, the airplane may find "a fast, economical, and comfortable competitor in the swift, bird-like flights of stream-lined trains across the vast transcontinental network of railroads.

"America's $10,000,000,000 railroad system is in for a swift overhauling. The day of speed is at hand, and the challenge is being met with fierce, competitive efforts to regain for the rails their rightful place in America's complicated transportation system.

"Possibly a few billions of watered stock will have to be drained off, and, maybe, thousands of miles of surplus trackage abandoned, but the ultimate, if present trends continue, will be a new deal for railway-security holders, a wonderful transportation for the American public, and speeds and economies that would have been considered fantastic in 1929.

"Schedules all over the United States have been speeded up, and the long-dreamed-of Chicago-New York twelve-hour train is not far distant."

Racing to Denver

Indeed, by this summer, two competing railways will be wearing new stream-lined seven league boots to span the lush, rolling wheat-lands between Chicago and Denver in sixteen hours. Both pioneers in stream-lined service, the two systems are the Union Pacific Railroad-Chicago & Northwestern Line (1,048 miles Chicago-Denver), and the Burlington Lines (1,039 miles).

Both lines have on order two complete ten-car, high-speed, light-weight, stream-lined passenger-trains, with Diesel-electric motive-power. Travelers leaving Chicago late in the afternoon will reach the Colorado capital before breakfast the following morning, thus saving a business day. This time-table lops off nine hours from the present fastest schedules.

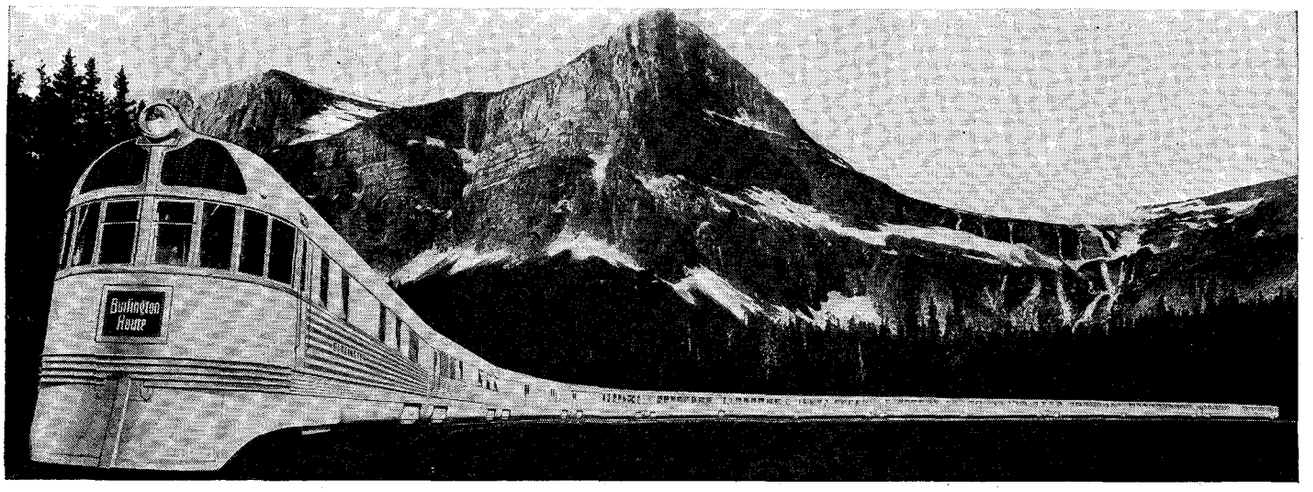
"Because of its novelty and potential economies," W. E. Bearce, of the General Electric Company's Transportation Department, writes in *New York Daily Investment News*, "Diesel-electric power has excited much popular interest."

Except for their length, these trains will be similar in exterior appearance to the stream-liners now in service in the Middle West. They will include sleepers, compartment-cars, parlor-cars, coaches with reclining chairs, lounges, diners, and observation-units.

"Trains capable of covering 1,000 miles overnight have been inevitable ever since the first *Zephyr* demonstrated its ability to replace two conventional trains on a day-time run," according to Edward G. Budd, President of the Philadelphia concern which turns out the Burlington's stream-liners.

"When a new type of train can reduce operating and maintenance costs 40 per cent., and, at the same time, increase income by attracting more passengers, there can be no doubt as to what is going to happen in the field of railroad transportation.

"Fast, light-weight, economical trains, offering modern comforts and conveniences, are just as definitely the solution of the railroad-passenger problem as the automobile was the answer to the need for better transportation in horse-and-buggy days."



Burlington's Denver Zephyrs, *ten-unit "silver streaks," with club-car, diner, sleepers, coaches, and observation-car, will "cruise" at ninety miles an hour, Chicago-Denver in sixteen hours*

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SHE'S A PARTNER IN A GREAT AMERICAN BUSINESS

SHE is one of 850,000 owners of Bell System securities. They are typical Americans—some young, some middle age, some old. They live in every part of the nation.

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For the most part, Bell System stockholders are men and women who have put aside small sums for saving. More than half of them have held their shares for five years or longer. More than 650,000 of these 850,000 security holders own stock in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company—the parent company of the Bell System. More than 225,000 own five shares or less. Over fifty per cent are women. No one owns as much as one per cent of the stock of A. T. & T.

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 29, 1936

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Neutrality Fight Ends in Compromise

Temporary Measure Extended, With Clause Based on Monroe Doctrine; Administration's Cock Robin *Is Viewed as Killed*

Last August Congress rushed through a temporary neutrality bill. It was acknowledged imperfect, but it was designed to make the massing war clouds over Europe less menacing to Americans.

The bill directed the President to place an embargo on arms, ammunition, and implements of war, until February 29, 1936. President Roosevelt praised its purpose, but regretted its inflexibility.

When Congress convened this year, neutrality was its first concern. The need for a legislative shelter against foreign war clouds for the United States was apparent to many. It was soon obvious to all that no bill could be rushed through this time.

Strong-willed personalities were in conflict. Definitely, Senator Hiram Johnson of California and Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota were not of one mind on neutrality.

Last January 1, Administration leaders were confident that a permanent policy with wider discretionary powers for the President would be available in a few days. Instead, six weeks of wrangling passed before House and Senate approved a bill. Then it was a compromise, containing these two additions to the old act: It places an embargo on loans and credits to belligerents and exempts Latin-American countries at war with non-Americans. The Monroe Doctrine explains the latter provision.

Views Irreconcilable

The many shades of irreconcilable thought in Congress are discerned in the compromise. Some Congressmen pleaded for unrestricted trade with belligerents. Some demanded cooperation with the League of Nations.

The voice of Senator Johnson, shrill when aroused, cried loudly for isolation. Senator Nye, youthful and vigorous, demanded renunciation of war-time profits to keep the country out of war.

The final debate in the Senate began at 11 A.M., February 18. Senator Nye had been in Minneapolis, speaking. Senators were told that bad weather grounded him there. They did not know that he had chartered a plane which was rushing through winter skies to Washington. A few minutes after completing the hazardous 1,500-mile flight, Senator Nye slipped into his seat. It was a little after 2:30 P.M. It was, also, a little too late.

Fifteen minutes later, indicating the flight had been vain, a languid Senate, by voice vote, continued last Summer's neutrality bill—much too weak for Senator Nye—to May 1, 1937. The House had voted for extension the day before, 353 to 27.

The clash between Senators Johnson and Nye was not the only encounter roiling the issue. It also had split the Senate Foreign Relations Committee so gravely that Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg strode fiercely out of one session, snorting: "Neutrality goes 'round and around, but it doesn't come out anywhere."

Baffling Elements

Arthur Krock explains in the New York *Times* (Ind.-Dem.) why it came out where it did:

"If [the Administration] had insisted on broader legislation, the session would probably have ended with no legislation at all, since the Johnson group was entrenched for a long contest and the President wants an early adjournment."

It was this entrenchment which, in the end, brought a smile to Senator Johnson's face and etched a frown on Senator Nye's.

"What he wants is nothing," said the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Rep.) of Senator Johnson, "and he got his way.

"Senator Johnson thinks the people wish this, and perhaps he is right. At any rate, the Senate thinks it dares do nothing except what Senator Johnson wishes, and perhaps it is right.

"If there is any price to pay, it will come later, and we shall pay it. It will be the price of not doing our thinking now, and of waiting to be confronted then with the facts which we choose to ignore now."

No such implied dismay is found in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* (Ind.). It applauded Congress:

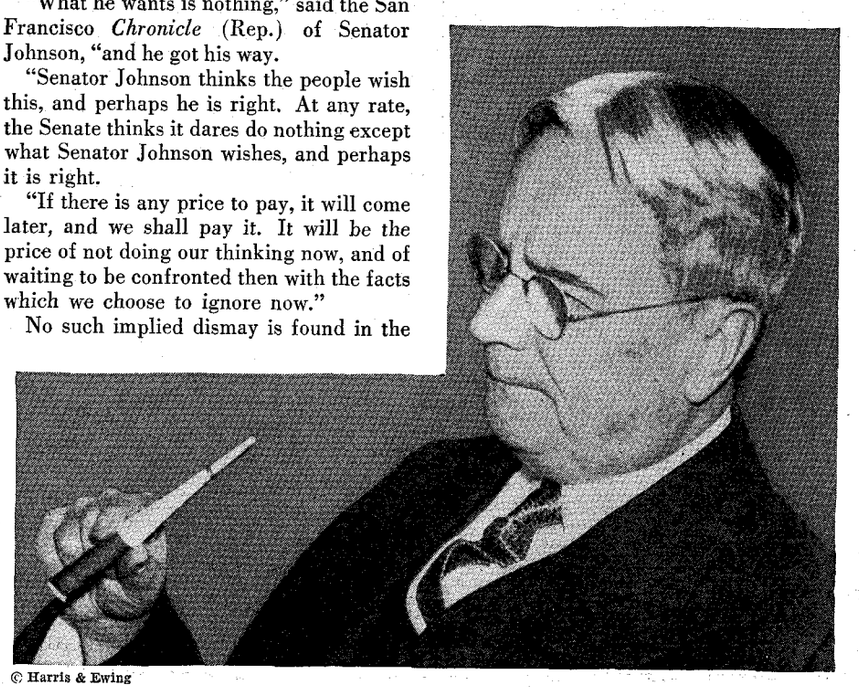
"Sincere people, unless they are able to find refuge in some doctrinaire school of thought, must have been assailed increasingly by doubts as to the wisdom of laying down hard-and-fast rules of neutrality to cover all the eventualities. . . .

"The fear must have grown that any all-inclusive neutrality policy committing the United States to a definite course of action in a future utterly unpredictable might tend to get us into trouble rather than keep us out.

"It is difficult enough to legislate wisely in the fields of domestic affairs. It is incomparably more difficult when the field is that of international relations. . . .

"To commit ourselves to a definite policy now, to make in the dark and in haste a political decision that might affect the map of the world, would be not to promote the cause of peace, but to open the doors to grave dangers."

The Administration's neutrality "*Cock Robin*" was killed, in the belief of the magazine *Today*, by a "lobby" composed of "millions of Americans who hate not only war, but the international meddling which leads to war; of the millions of newspaper, magazine, and book readers who now know the story of how we blundered into the last War, and who are determined to protect themselves against the same kind of diplomatic bungling the next time."



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Senator Hiram W. Johnson, who blocked the Administration's neutrality legislation

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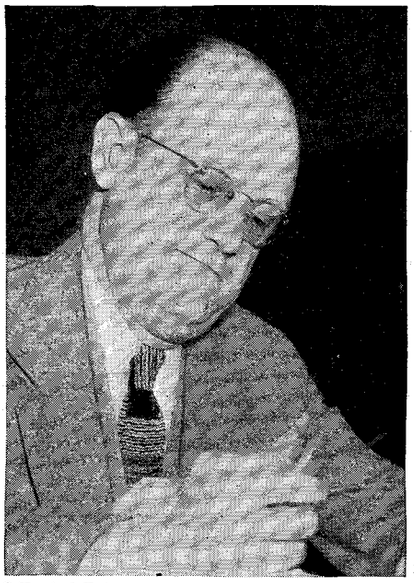
Gun-Running Glamour for Senators

Tropic Tales of Adventure in O. Henry Manner Leave Munitions Investigators Gasping; Old Machine-Guns as "Scrap Steel"



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William P. Brown: "If some one had said 'boo' to me, I'd have dropped dead, sure"

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Frederick L. Zimmerman: he bought a one-vessel "navy" in Canada for $18,000

On May 15, 1718, James Puckle, Londoner, was granted Patent No. 418 by King George I for a revolving machine-gun.

One feature of the weapon was that it "Discharges soe often and soe many bulletts, and can be soe Quickly Loaden." Another departure was its adaptability for "shooting square Bulletts against Turks and round Bulletts against Christians."

Mounted on a tripod, it strongly resembled the later Gatling gun. To-day, a Puckle gun would be valuable as a museum-piece.

Firearms-experts believe even Colt-Marlin and Hotchkiss machine-guns, vintage of 1914, are—figuratively, if not literally—museum-pieces now. However, last week, the Senate Munitions Committee was shocked to find that the Army had sold them as "scrap steel," after sawing hunks out of the barrels to make them unserviceable.

Voluble Trader

O. Henry or Richard Harding Davis would have chortled over the story horrifying the Senators as the two-year investigation of those who trade in weapons was closing. They would have relished the tale of Jacob Paley, plump, voluble little New Yorker, who took to buying "scrap steel" when his millinery-machinery business slumped in 1930.

One of his purchases was 3,834 Colt-Marlins and Hotchkisses, and a lot of similar trifles. All had cost *Uncle Sam* $1,660,000. Paley paid $1,500, which works out at twenty-two cents for each item. The buyer planned on selling the machine-guns as souvenirs for $7.75 apiece.

"Here was the Government," he said, with a characteristic outspreading of hands, "selling guns with one hand, and belly-aching about it with the other."

But what shocked the Senators was that 100 similar guns cost a Brazilian revolutionary *junta* $49,000.

There were other enlivenments in the investigation. Soldiers of fortune, gun-runners, South American politicos who thought more of pelf than power, and dark-skinned go-betweens with greasy palms, flitted across the backdrop.

Comic Relief

Yet, there was plenty of comic relief. Frederick L. Zimmerman, bulky, bald, easy-going ship-broker from Brooklyn, chuckled with the Senators when he told how he bought a one-vessel "navy" in Canada for $18,000, and how she cost Brazilian rebels $70,000 when they got her. But, as he puffed a black pipe, he admitted all was not "strictly kosher."

Then, there was William P. ("Willie") Brown, a mild, bespectacled, New York exporter's agent, who was thrust into the job of paymaster for the rebels.

"If some one had said 'boo' to me in those times," he told Committeemen in a voice *Caspar Milquetoast* might affect, "I'd have dropped dead, sure." He wants no part of any other South American revolution.

Pulpwood Tales

"Glancing back over this recital," concludes the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.), "one might almost get the impression that it was lifted out of some pulp-paper thriller. . . . Actually, it is based on sworn facts presented in testimony before the Senate Munitions Committee."

To the New Haven *Journal-Courier* (Ind.), these closing hearings also smack of pulp paper.

"Who the hero was," it remarks, "we do not as yet know. . . . Up to this time no heroine has been located. . . . One point has been proved beyond dispute. If the Committee will delve deeper and deeper, and give its findings to the public, it is extremely likely that many magazines will be forced to the wall."

Dollar-Tossing Holiday

Walter Johnson, former big-league baseball pitcher, celebrated Washington's birthday by demonstrating that the Father of His Country might have thrown a silver dollar across the Rappahannock River, as legend says.

Johnson succeeded, whether Washington did or not. He made good in two of three attempts, at Fredericksburg, Virginia, where the river is 272 feet wide. But he did not use the 1796 dollar that had been donated by Representative Sol Bloom of New York, director of the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission. He considered it too valuable.

President Roosevelt did not take part. But the challenge before him called for even greater strength and dexterity. He had to figure out how he could toss dollars to farmers without hitting budget-balancers or constitutionalists.

When the President left Washington Saturday morning for Hyde Park, by way of Temple and Harvard Universities (see page 8), column upon column of dry figures and page after page of tax proposals went with him.

From them he had to pick a way to pay for the outlawed AAA's successor, which Congress conferees were pounding into shape. It will cost $500,000,000 a year to subsidize the farmer for saving his soil, as the new farm measure proposes. On the day before the President left Washington, the House passed the bill by 267 to 97.

Tolerant of Subsidies

"There was a time when the word subsidy was a red flag to the farmers," commented the Washington *Evening Star* (Ind.).

"But government payments to the farmers have changed their attitude, it appears. It may be that the general consumers will raise a howl. The general consumers, however, are not organized."

Warning against attempts to "gumshoe around the Constitution," the Milwaukee *Journal* (Ind.) called the new farm bill an effort, "by using the weasel words of 'soil conservation,' to accomplish that control of agriculture which the Supreme Court said could not be done.

"But the bill may do one good thing," said *The Journal*. "It may bring to a head this question, which has been arising for more than half a century, of using the spending power of Congress to fill in the gap in that 'no man's land' between the power of the States and the power of the Federal Government."

It is "perfectly clear" to the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* (Ind.) "that it is impossible to aid agriculture effectively except under Federal auspices and through Federal benefits in some form."

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"Frugal Alf" Landon, as Seen by Friend and Foe

Boosts

"There is nothing new about economy. It is an old-fashioned virtue, well worth reviving, and Kansas under Landon has exemplified it well."

In those words the Minneapolis *Journal* (Ind.-Rep.) expresses the view-point of editors who are impressed by the Kansas Governor's ability at clipping expenses and think well of his chances of capturing the Republican Presidential nomination.

"The advantage he has," says the Brooklyn *Times-Union* (Ind.-Rep.) "is that in his own State he has met the situation, has balanced the budget, and that he knows how to say a true thing in a clear and comprehensible way."

More praise along this line comes from the Providence *Journal* (Ind.), which says that in "his remarkable record as a business-like and economy-working State Executive . . . he contrasts very significantly with the unbusinesslike and uneconomical Administration at Washington."

"Landon is not a polished orator; he is a sound and constructive thinker," remarks the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* (Ind.) and *The Ohio State Journal* (Rep.) is "rather glad he has sense enough not to unpack a whole kit of tools, and unlock a trunkful of panaceas."

"Reconciler of Conflict"

An independent Democratic paper, the Asheville (N. C.) *Citizen*, takes this view:

"Nearer than any one else he seems to reconcile the sharply conflicting interests within the Republican Party. His proposals for helping the farmer, like the proposals of most of those who discuss this matter, are rather vague, but living in a State that is predominantly agricultural, his sympathies with agriculture are to be taken for granted; and his insistence upon strict economy in public expenditures is enough to satisfy the business interests."

Replying to criticism that Governor Landon is a "middle-of-the-road candidate," the Topeka *Daily Capital* (Rep.) says:

"If we have a fairly accurate estimate of the present situation, the United States wants just now a level-headed, middle-of-the-road President, and not a radical who wants to let go of the old entirely, nor a hard-boiled standpatter who is opposed to any change. Certainly, not all the political or economic wisdom of this time is contained in either group."

"It seems to us," remarks the Syracuse *Herald* (Ind.), "that, from the standpoint of the other tentative candidates for the Republican nomination, Governor Landon is *the* extremely dangerous contestant."

Cash-and-Carry Kansas Governor, Fond of His Well-Worn Clothes, Is Likened to Coolidge

"No ghost writers need apply."

That sign might well be hung outside the office of "the Kansas Coolidge," dark-eyed, broad-shouldered Gov. Alfred M. Landon, now an outstanding candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. For he swings his own pen.

Two or three friends usually help him polish the final draft of an address. He may ask others for advice and suggestions on a line here or a thought there. But a Landon speech as a whole and its creation are his own thought and mind.

Consequently, he will write the entire series of speeches (the second was scheduled for delivery at Lincoln, Nebraska, on February 29) in which he has promised to acquaint the country with his views on all public issues before the Republican Convention in June.

As the preconvention campaign speeds up, more and more is being printed about "Frugal Alf, Kansas' Cash-and-Carry Governor."

Contempt of Haberdashery

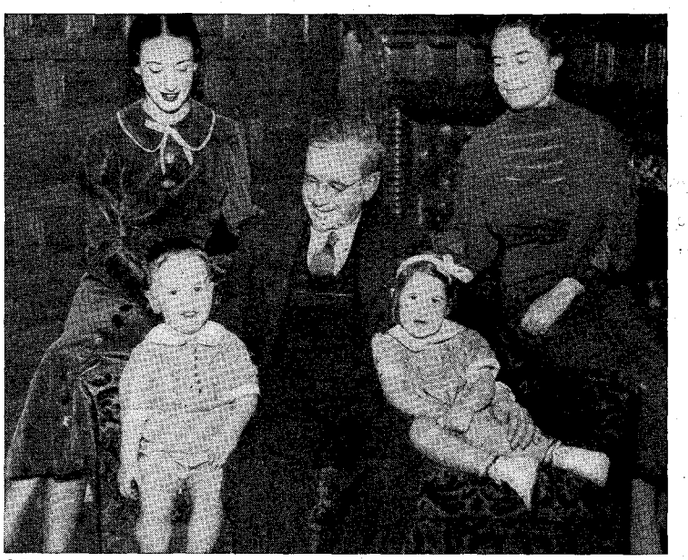
That is how he is described in the caption of an article in *The American Magazine*, in which Hubert Kelley gives this close-up:

"Governor Landon, who is simply 'Alf' at home, in the Capitol, in the oil-fields, and on his stationery, wears in public the same battered, greasy-banded felt hat and shiny blue-serge suit that he wears in private.

"His friends sometimes say his Jacksonian contempt of haberdashery is an affectation, but I think, after exploring him and his environment pretty thoroughly, that it is constitutional. He simply believes in wearing clothes until they wear out.

"His enemies say he is stingy, but that is not true. Mrs. Landon told me that she once gave all of her husband's old clothes to the Salvation Army, hoping to force him to buy new ones. The Governor raised the roof, called up the Salvation Army, and promised to send them a large check if only they would return his seasoned wardrobe. . . .

"Governor Landon likes to entertain, but the sight of a half-eaten portion, he told me, always gave him a twinge. He was reared on the gospel of the 'clean plate,' not the full and half-finished dinner pail."



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The Governor of Kansas and his family: (left to right) *Peggy Anne, John Cobb, Governor Landon, Nancy Josephine, and Mrs. Landon*

Boos

Bitter charges against Governor Landon that he balanced Kansas' budget by shifting the relief burden to the Federal Government are mixed with criticism of a more personal nature.

"He is not intellectually profound," asserts the Houston *Chronicle* (Ind.). "He is a small-town politician, sincere enough, and reasonably well-fitted to hold minor positions of public trust, but reaching entirely beyond the proper field of his capacities in seeking the Presidency."

Observing that "the unemployed of Kansas are now existing solely on Federal aid," and charging that "Landon has balanced Kansas' budget solely by shifting various improvement projects off the State expenditure list, and on WPA," the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.) asks:

"If the Federal Government were to balance its budget, as Landon wants, and cut off relief and WPA funds, as it would have to do, where would any money come from to feed the jobless of Kansas?"

The caption on that editorial is "Starvation Is Constitutional."

More Incredulity

Dwelling on the same point, but less severe in its criticism, the New York *World-Telegram* (Ind.) asks "why this spectacular rise of Landon?" since "geography is against him," and "so is precedent." It adds:

"He is not colorful. His experience in government has been very limited. His record is unimpressive except for one thing—a balanced State budget. And even that is not so very impressive to those who bother to consider that the balanced State budget is due in part to State Constitutional and statutory limits on spending, in part to such benefits of Roosevelt's recovery efforts as the AAA checks, which have enabled Kansas citizens to pay taxes again, and in part to the Federal Government carrying much of the State's relief burden."

Writing in *The New Republic*, Leftist weekly, Morton Taylor gives this analysis:

"Alf Landon's record as Governor of Kansas sums up about as follows: He has balanced the State budget, partly by measures of real economy, but largely by penny-wise, pound-foolish measures for which the State and its citizens must pay dearly; he has obtained enactment of some beneficial legislation, but the three measures on which he rests his chief claim to greatness were the work of others. . . .

"Like Coolidge, he regards the balancing of the budget as the only real duty of a Chief Executive."

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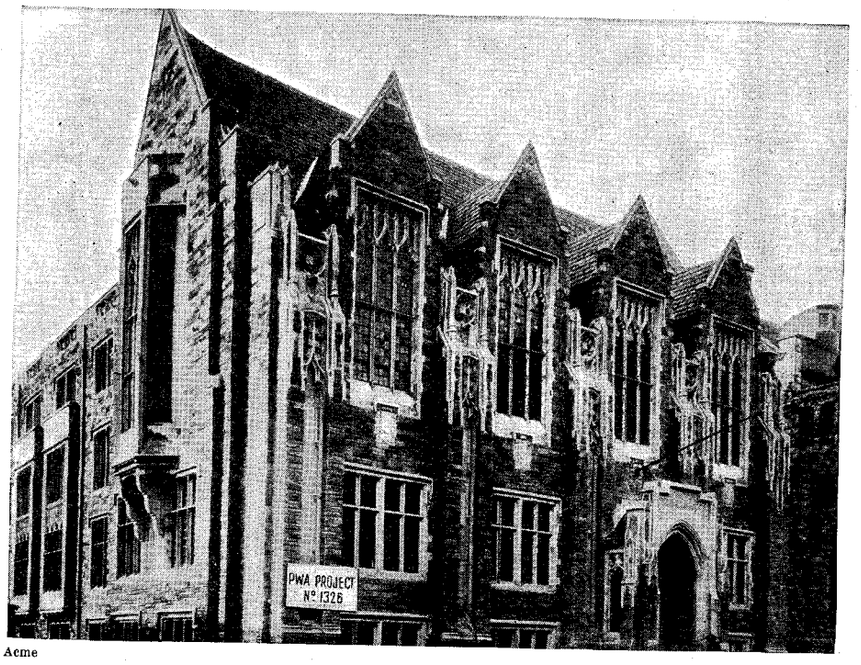
Farley in West Extols New Deal

Invades Kansas to Proclaim Roosevelt Made Prosperity National; President Visits Universities, Tells of Aid to Education



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PWA Project, No. 1326: the Temple University Library, where President Roosevelt spoke

"Sunny Jim" Farley carried on for the New Deal last week while his chief, President Roosevelt, took time off to participate in celebrations at two universities.

At Temple University, Philadelphia, on Washington's Birthday, Mr. Roosevelt received the honorary degree of Doctor of Jurisprudence. That same evening, he attended the one-hundredth anniversary of the Harvard Fly Club and saw his youngest son, John, inducted.

In his Philadelphia speech, dealing largely with education, the President recalled that since 1933 the Government had allotted more than $400,000,000 to local communities for schools, colleges, and library buildings.

Death of Cousin

It was while he was attending the meeting of the Fly Club at Cambridge that the President received word of the death of his cousin, Henry L. Roosevelt, Acting Secretary of the Navy.

The President went on to his home at Hyde Park, New York, where Sunday evening he broadcast an address, inviting citizens of all faiths to join forces and "make capital out of religious understanding" in the world-wide issue between "belief and unbelief." He planned to return to Washington in time to attend his cousin's funeral Tuesday.

Postmaster General Farley delivered a hammer and tongs speech on Washington's Birthday in Topeka, Kansas, the State of Gov. Alfred M. Landon, an outstanding candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. Mr. Farley, as he had done in his speech at St. Louis the night before, directed most of his fire at former President Herbert Hoover, and "the reactionary Republicans." He said:

"Eight years ago, Mr. Hoover was promising that poverty was about to be abolished by his election to the White House. He was elected, and poverty became almost universal. Four years ago Mr. Hoover went about the country, warning that grass would grow in the city streets if the Democrats were placed in power. Now he resumes his campaign to terrorize his own countrymen. By his own choice he becomes the apostle of panic. . . .

"On next March 4, my friends, Franklin D. Roosevelt will observe his third anniversary in the White House. In that period we have advanced from economic confusion and paralysis under Mr. Hoover to economic prosperity. This present-day stability is especially welcome because it is well-rounded, well-balanced and well-adjusted.

"Prosperity is a national thing unlike that of the Republican era when finance and industry boomed at the very time agriculture was allowed to wallow in the mire of depression. . . .

"The depression cut so deep that it took almost a year of superhuman effort by the Roosevelt Administration before a certain unfair element of the American press felt strong enough to revile the man who pulled it out of the financial mud. Most newspapers perform a fine public service, but I think you know the ones I mean. . . ."

Referring to the degree conferred upon the President by Temple University, the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.) says:

"This gracious act on the part of the university fortunately does not require the approval of the Supreme Court. Since this honor came to him on the anniversary of Washington's birth, the President said he was breaking a century-old precedent in not quoting from Washington. In view of the many other precedents he has broken, his reluctance to smash another will be gladly overlooked."

Turning to Mr. Farley's Topeka speech, the Newark *Ledger* (Ind.) says that it is "a fair review of Hoover's shortcomings and an uncritical laudation of the New Deal. . . .

"Democratic strategists would be wise not to rest their case too strongly on the admitted excellent rôle the President played in the crisis of 1933. The paramount issue to-day is not the past, but the future. . . . The people want to hear about the program for the next four years. In that the President has a tremendous advantage. No Republican contender now in sight is able to state a program upon which he may unite all elements in his Party and yet make a strong appeal."

Dismaying Labor "Sit-Downs"

The word "strike" conjures up visions of tumult, flying fists, militant marching men.

In the rubber factories of Akron, Ohio, striking workers are giving the word a new meaning. There, workers are staging "sit-down strikes."

When the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. last month fired a union man who had got into a fist fight with a non-union man—according to an Associated Press report—fellow workers protested by going into their workrooms, sitting down at their machines, and crossing their arms. For fifty-eight hours the men sat idle, shifts relieving each other, members of each shift sitting at their machines chatting or playing checkers. There was no violence, tho 2,000 men were affected. In a short time an agreement was reached.

But in a few weeks trouble cropped up in the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. at Akron. When the company gave notice of its regular seasonal lay-off of several score men, workers protested. At Goodyear's Plant No. 2, workers in the tire-building department voluntarily started a "sit-down strike."

The strike began to grow. At Plant No. 1 men began to "sit down." At Plant No. 2 a picket-line with linked arms formed a chain around the building.

"Sit-downs, as employed without organization sanction, strike a blow at public confidence in the representative and deliberate character of the labor movement," said the Akron *Times-Press.*

"Since it would be hard to term any shut-down, brought about by the men themselves, a lockout, it is doubtful if public sentiment will run with the men."

"Victory of the strikers is assured if they hold out solidly and continue to build the union," said the radical *Daily Worker* (New York).

"Keeping their picket-line strong, building their union and organizing their support will bring victory to them."

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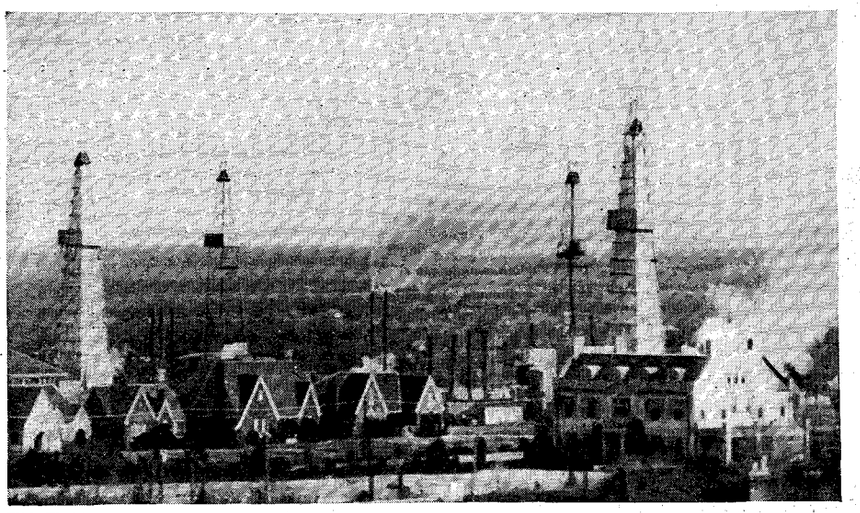
Beauty *vs.* Oil in Oklahoma

Voters to Decide Between Wells or Flowers on Grounds of Capitol; Private Interests Tapping Underground Liquid Gold



Wide World

"Oil-wells reared their ugly heads" around the Governor's Mansion in Oklahoma

Oklahoma City sits on a pool of oil. While the rest of the country was settling down to depression in 1929, Oklahoma City was making new millionaires.

Wells were sunk in back-yards, on church lawns, and children's playgrounds. Not until the wells began to flank Oklahoma City's most exclusive residential district was any action taken. Then the City Council established drilling zones and passed a law prohibiting any further drilling in the city limits.

Last October, in an unrestricted area almost across the street from the Governor's Mansion, nine oil-wells went into action. Word went around that one well was producing as much as 15,000 barrels a day.

Governor E. W. Marland, who has made and lost at least two fortunes in oil, and State officials stood it as long as they could. Then they lashed out at the Oklahoma City ordinances. If the State didn't put up some wells of its own the wells across the street would pump dry the rich pool of oil known to be beneath the State Capitol, and the State would get no benefits from it. Plans were drawn up for a series of wells to be drilled on the Capitol grounds.

Officials Aghast

Oklahoma City officials were aghast. Here were the grounds around the Capitol just beginning to look like something. The prairie soil was being rebuilt. Trees and flowers were being set out. For the few thousand dollars that would come out of it, it wasn't worth while ruining the Capitol grounds by jamming oil-wells into them.

"I might agree to wells on the land east of the Governor's Mansion," said Al Horton, Vice-Chairman of the State Board of Affairs and the man in charge of a $250,000 Capitol grounds beautification program, "and possibly to a well or two between the Mansion and the Capitol, but never to any on the Capitol Square and the parkway in front of the Capitol. . . . I am not in favor of running the risk of spoiling the grounds and buildings with producing oil-wells."

The practical oil men began to offer inducements to the advocates of beauty. They promised to sink their drilling machinery in deep excavations so that you couldn't see it. They promised to use noiseless electric pumping machinery so that you couldn't hear it. And for good measure they promised to screen their excavations with rose bushes and flowers and tidy little hedges, so that no one would ever know there was an oil well in the neighborhood.

Wells Assailed

"Civic programs and city building projects are being sacrificed for the pittance of wealth that comes with the gushing of the liquid gold," said the *Daily Oklahoman* of Oklahoma City.

"Bids have been asked for drilling forty-five wells on State-owned property around the stately Capitol and in this the State has struck at the Oklahoma City ordinances which regulate the drilling of wells. These forty-five wells would ruin for twenty years or more the property. . . ."

The Tulsa *Tribune* merely shrugged its shoulders.

"Well, why not?" it remarked. "If the State doesn't draw on its own supply, some one on the restricted line will drill in and get it anyway.

"Nothing can stop the Capitol site from being cluttered up with rigs, tanks, and pipe-lines. Seems like they might as well let the State reap the benefit as let an individual take the crude oil from under the State Capitol."

On March 24 Oklahoma City's voters will go to the polls in a special city election to decide the answer to the problem. Oklahoma City can take its choice. Beauty, riches, or both.

Capital Oral Shillalahs

O'Connor, Criticized, Threatens to Kick Father Coughlin

Verbal shillalahs have been wielded again with free-for-all vigor by prominent men.

It all started when the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, "radio priest," denounced Representative John J. O'Connor, New York City Democrat. It also involved Representative Patrick J. Boland, Pennsylvania Democrat, and Representative Martin L. Sweeney, Ohio Democrat. All are Roman Catholics.

"I shall guarantee to kick you," said Mr. O'Connor, in a wire to the priest, "all the way from the Capitol to the White House, with clerical garb, and all the silver in your pockets which you got by speculating in Wall Street. . . ."

That wire was sent immediately after Mr. O'Connor heard Father Coughlin accuse him of blocking Congressional action on the Frazier-Lemke Farm-Mortgage Bill. Father Coughlin had said:

"I said something about driving from Congress the money-changers' servants, Mr. Roosevelt. Specifically, I refer to your servant, John J. O'Connor of New York."

Tempers Cool

The next day, on the floor of the House, Representative Sweeney, Father Coughlin's defender, shouted that the husky priest would be in Washington and that Mr. O'Connor would have an opportunity to carry out the threat.

"I will kick him," Mr. O'Connor said.

Then, his temper cooled. On the floor of the House, the next day, he apologized for his threat. "We have great respect for the priest," he said. "We have a great respect for the garb he wears."

Representative Boland whipped the House to excitement when he assailed Father Coughlin as "an unprincipled, self-seeking demagog."

Coming to the defense of the priest, Representative Sweeney said:

"Thank God for Father Coughlin! It takes a strong man to say he will lash evil-doers from politics. . . ."

Editorial commentators are inclined to take the whole affair lightly. The Buffalo *Courier-Express* says:

"If a Schmaltz, a Cholmondeley, or a Rabinowitz had threatened physical violence in a telegram to Father Coughlin, the message might have been construed in some circles as revealing a spirit less than brotherly. But when an O'Connor tells a Coughlin 'I shall guarantee to kick you all the way from the Capitol to the White House,' one must interpret the promise in the light of glorious martial traditions."

"Often we have wished," says the Baltimore *Sun*, "that these pugilistic fellows in public life would be literal. . . . The pugilism of public men is very disappointing on the whole. . . .

"After all, a couple of fattish, middle-aged men trying to kick each other, and blowing like porpoises, is no contribution to the esthetic progress of the Great Republic."

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Hauptmann: Enigma in Face of Death

Inquisitor, Baffled, Quits Case as Doomed Man Sticks to Story; Third Sentence Passed; Press Unsympathetic to Prisoner

Wide World

They disagree: Samuel S. Leibowitz (right) *believes Hauptmann guilty; Lloyd Fisher, the prisoner's chief attorney* (left), *believes him innocent*

The human enigma who has been living in a death-house for more than a year while the world puzzled over him was pushed closer to the electric chair last week.

For the third time since he was convicted of the murder of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., Bruno Richard Hauptmann, gaunt, gray-eyed German carpenter, was sentenced to die—during the week of March 30.

But that news commanded less public interest than the efforts that were being made at the same time to drag from him the "true story" of the crime. These took the form of death-house cross-examinations by Samuel S. Leibowitz, New York criminal lawyer, who entered the case with the consent of the New Jersey Governor, Harold G. Hoffman. The Governor previously had granted Hauptmann a thirty-day reprieve.

Rigorous Inquisition

In three rigorous interviews, Mr. Leibowitz took Hauptmann through the testimony he had given at his trial, pointing out where his story was weak. After the first interview, he announced that Hauptmann "broke down and cried like a baby." After the third, and last, he withdrew from the case, saying that Hauptmann had refused to change his story and implying that he still believed him guilty.

Hauptmann had been told, Mr. Leibowitz said, that "his only salvation, as matters stand, lies in his making a clean breast of whatever guilty participation he may have had in this fiendish crime."

Hauptmann had been subjected to hard questioning. He had been informed of his resentence to death. Thirty paces away, in the next room, was the electric chair. He had seen five men pass into that room to die. But to every question of Mr. Leibowitz that implied his guilt, he replied, "that is not so."

When he learned that Mr. Leibowitz had been unable to make Hauptmann change his story, Governor Hoffman, who has been the target for severe criticism for his "interference" in the case, said he was "more convinced than ever" that the Lindbergh case is still unsolved.

Of the scores of editorials reviewed by THE LITERARY DIGEST, none seems to evince much sympathy for Hauptmann.

But the Rev. John Matthiesen, the prisoner's Lutheran minister friend, expressed absolute confidence that Hauptmann is innocent.

Coddling Charged

"Governor Hoffman is coddling a man who is the worst type of alien criminal," declares the New York *American*. "Democracy is to-day imperiled in America," it adds, "by flabby or politically cunning executives."

"It is not to be denied," says the Boston *Evening Transcript*, "that many who are convinced that Hauptmann is guilty are still in doubt that he could alone have committed the crime.

"If he had accomplices, it is certainly to be desired that they, too, should be brought to justice, but the fact remains that, having been found guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, Hauptmann should pay the penalty for his crime."

Censure for Hoffman

In the opinion of the Hartford *Courant*, Governor Hoffman, in issuing a temporary reprieve, "was acting within his rights, but in taking that action, he assumed the responsibility for justifying his action. This he has not done."

As the Council Bluffs, Iowa, *Daily Nonpareil* sees the case, "the Hoffman reprieve of Hauptmann and the Leibowitz efforts to secure confession have completely confirmed the justice of the verdict of the court which pronounced the man guilty."

"American fathers and mothers will feel easier when the convicted Lindbergh baby-snatcher has been executed," asserts *The Daily Oklahoman*, and the Troy (N. Y.) *Times-Record* agrees that "here is one man that society can not afford to bargain with, a man who is better out of the world than in it."

Similarly the Philadelphia *Inquirer* remarks that "Hauptmann has had his chance."

Acquittal in Minneapolis

Kid Cann squirmed nervously in the hard, uncomfortable court-room chair.

The sturdy, dark-haired liquor salesman, whose real name is Isadore Blumenfield, strained to hear whether a Minneapolis jury of eight men and four women had found him guilty of the murder of Walter W. Liggett, fiery weekly newspaper publisher.

Earlier in the trial, he had heard Mrs. Liggett identify him as the "leering gangster" who on December 9 had riddled her husband with bullets as she and her children looked on. In his defense, he had produced witnesses who said he had been sitting in a barber-chair a mile and a half from the scene of the crime at the moment of the murder.

The judge slowly opened the slip of paper which the foreman of the jury handed to him, and began to read: "We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty. . . ."

A roar went up from Kid Cann's friends. Cann leaped to his feet, brushed past his lawyer, who caught him by the coat-tails and pushed him into a chair. He sat down mumbling, pulled out his handkerchief, and wiped the tears from his eyes.

Instantly the crowd was on its feet, converging on Cann. He wheeled about, threw his arms around his wife, and kissed her. He was laughing now.

He fought his way through the circle of friends to the jury-box. He grabbed every hand he saw and shook it wildly. The hands of the women he bowed over and kissed. Over and over again he stammered, choking with emotion: "Thank you!"

Volleys From Press

The actions in the court-room drew volleys from the press. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, for example, said:

"Whether the Minneapolis jury was right or wrong in acquitting Kid Cann . . . the judge should be given the aluminum medal for permitting the defendant to use his court-room to stage an emotional ballyhoo.

" 'Pandemonium broke loose,' says the news dispatch, 'when the verdict was announced.' Then Cann rushed to the jury-box. . . . The women jurors blushed.

"It should have been the judge who blushed. Minneapolis should have blushed because he didn't. 'Are you trying to show contempt for this court?' asked the judge in the old story. 'No, your honor, I'm trying not to show it.'

"Sometimes the effort is difficult."

Meanwhile the hunt for Liggett's murderer continues, spurred on by such appeals as this in *Editor and Publisher:*

"For the protection of honest and courageous editors everywhere, it is vital that the assassins of Liggett be found, prosecuted, and adequately punished."

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Topics in Brief

THE Long side is still ahead of the short side in Louisiana.—*Tampa Morning Tribune.*

AL SMITH'S proposed walk will probably be just a little "constitutional."—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

OFFHAND we can name only one place where this zero weather would be appreciated. We wish it was there.—*Ohio State Journal.*

ITALY eases up on Ethiopian campaign because of difficulty in moving artillery. You know how it is when the battery won't start.—*Dallas News.*

THE New Dealers now have plenty of opportunity for plowing under. Washington has had a fourteen-inch snowstorm.—*Manchester (N. H.) Union.*

WE gather from Governor Talmadge's radio speech that he is in favor of abolishing Roosevelt, taxes, and final "g"s.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

IT would seem that most of the leading Republicans favor burning anti-Knox gas in the G. O. P. machine during this year's race.—*Birmingham (Ala.) News.*

DESPITE J. P. Morgan's profound observation on the subject, hiring a maid does not put a person in the leisure class any more than having a midget sit on the lap causes one to be a millionaire.—*Clyde Moore in Ohio State Journal.*

ANYHOW, the brain-trusters agree that it was a great alphabet while it lasted.—*Buffalo Courier-Express*

BORAH'S next move is said to be awaited anxiously. He wants to move to the other end of the avenue.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

REACTIONARIES are speaking of the square deal, as opposed to the New Deal, but what they really want is a great deal.—*Louisville Times.*

THE Treasury-Postoffice Department appropriation calls for a mere billion dollars this year. Protests are expected from near and Farley.—*Springfield Union.*

A PROMINENT physician says no device will change the shape of the adult nose. Well, at that, you can't really call Joe Louis a device.—*Jackson (Miss.) News.*

ON March 1 Chicago will adopt Eastern Standard Time. It will be the first instance in which Chicago has been able to agree with New York about anything.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

THE leisure class to which Mr. Morgan refers does really get quite a raw deal. When the leisure class loafs, it is charged with idleness; when it works, it is accused of taking work away from the people "that really need it." When it spends money, it is charged with extravagance; and when it doesn't spend money, it is censured for "hoarding."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

So far the only heroes developed by the Italo-Ethiopian war are Mussolini and Haile Selassie. Both have faced the League of Nations with intrepidity.—*Toledo Blade.*

WHAT the Republicans fear is that the farm voters, when the question of the New Deal's paternalistic alphabet comes up, will add their O. K.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

UNITED STATES STEEL may continue to interest some folks, but the quotation we'd like to read most just about now is: "New England Mercury, up to 80."—*Boston Herald.*

A NUMBER of politicians are hiring gag men to write their speeches, but we still think a political speech is funnier when its humor is unpremeditated.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

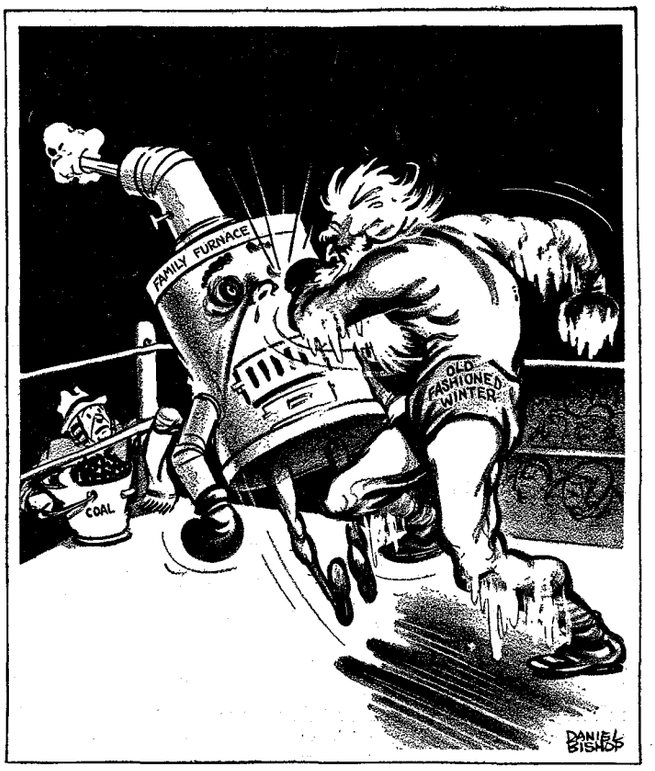
OUR idea of a supreme optimist would be a World War veteran refusing his bonus on the ground that he doesn't need it because he's going to participate in the Townsend Plan.—*Worcester Telegram.*

CONGRESS is stumped for money to pay the bonus and other bills. The repeal of arithmetic, the cancelation of the multiplication tables, and the repudiation of minus signs is understood to be under consideration.—*Chicago Daily News.*

SENATOR DICKINSON of Iowa says that he is not an active candidate for the Republican nomination for President, but is receptive. The indications are that a lot of receptions will be scheduled for just about the time of the Cleveland convention.—*New York Sun.*

Won't the Old Bore Ever Leave?

—*Duffy in the Baltimore* Sun



Who Said He Couldn't Make a Comeback?

—*Bishop in the St. Louis* Star-Times

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French Eagle and Russian Bear

Herriot Wants Defense Pact Ratified, Envisioning Aid of Soviet Army of 1,300,000 Men, Potential 13,000,000, Against Germans

Edouard Herriot, twice Premier of France—once in 1924-1925 and in 1926 for two days—suddenly reappeared in the limelight of the international stage last week. He begged the French Chamber of Deputies to ratify the Franco-Soviet mutual defense agreement.

His argument was that the pact would assure France of the vast military resources of the Soviet Union in case France were attacked by Nazi Germany.

M. Herriot is stout, somewhat untidy, and a great scholar. He wears made-up ties, dislikes pajamas, and always wears an old-fashioned nightshirt and a nightcap. Because he is an indefatigable pipe smoker his political enemies have nicknamed him "*Herriot La Pipe.*" As a matter of fact, wrote a contributor to the London *Daily Express*, he possesses 600 pipes, at least, sent to him from all over the world.

More important by far is his reputation as the father of the Franco-Soviet pact which is up for ratification in the French Parliament. He declared the Soviet Government now has a total of 1,300,000 men doing active military service. Counting trained reserves which Russia has at her disposal, Herriot estimated that the U.S.S.R. could mobilize an army of 13,000,000 men in time of war.

Replying to arguments of Nationalist Deputies, who had belittled the military value of a Russian alliance, said a Paris correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, Herriot quoted opinions rendered by the Chief of the General Staff of the Czechoslovak Army and General Henri Loiseau, head of the French Military Mission, who agreed that the Soviet Army was "one of the most powerful fighting machines in the world."

Keystone

"Herriot La Pipe"; he fights for pact to win support of Russian Army

Weaknesses Noted

The main worry of the French, in the editorial opinion of the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, is the actual fighting power of Russia's massive army. The French do not doubt that 3,000,000 men or even 1,000,000 could give a serious account of themselves but—

"The weakness is officers. Soviet officers are all good Communists—but that does not help the French much. They would rather see Soviet officers capable of directing large military operations. They can find only a few in the Russian Army, and they are wondering what would happen when, after a campaign got under way, these few educated officers had to be replaced."

A significant French comment appeared in a Paris cable to the *Osaka Mainichi* of Japan from Stephane Lauzanne, Editor-in-Chief of *Le Matin* (Paris). According to military experts, he said, four things have to be considered when one wishes to appreciate fairly the efficiency of an army: (1) the man-power; (2) the equipment; (3) the transportation system; (4) the fighting spirit.

Stressing the necessity of keeping the army equipment in repair, Mr. Lauzanne had this to say:

"Every one knows by experience that air-planes in particular need constant changes and repairs. The greatest flyers assert that without able and skilled engineers they could not use their flying machines. And we know by experience, too, that Russians are very poor engineers.

"The sad story of their agricultural tractors is illuminating: they had on their farms the most modern and wonderful tractors, but did not know how to repair them and keep them in order. After one year, half of the tractors were of no use. Is the story repeating itself as regards the tanks and the air-planes?

"To build material is all right, but to preserve material, to repair material, is just as important. And we have the right to entertain some doubt about the Russian ability in the matter.

"As regards the transportation system, the doubt vanishes. No system could be worse than the Russian system. . . . The military staff in Russia is so well aware of this dreadful weakness that it has considerably increased the number of men in the Western army and in the Far Eastern army, in order not to have to 'shuttle' troops from the East to the West, as Germany did in the World War."

A dependable press correspondent of long experience in Soviet Russia, William Henry Chamberlin, now the Far East correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor*, pointed in his book, "Russia's Iron Age," to an important change in the class composition of the Red Army. He said:

"In 1927, 63.4 per cent. of its members were peasants and 23.8 per cent. workers. On January 1, 1934, the proportion of peasants had fallen to 42.5 per cent.; the proportion of workers had risen to 45.8 per cent. So the workers outnumber the peasants in the Army, altho in the country there are about six peasants to every one worker.

"Moreover, the percentage of Communists is especially high in just those branches of the service which are strategically most important, where mutiny might have especially unfortunate results—in the tank corps, in the armored-car divisions, in the air force. Children of the disfranchised classes are excluded from military service.

"Apart from this careful selection of the recruits from those classes and political groups where loyalty can most safely be taken for granted, the conditions of service in the Red Army are genuinely attractive and are calculated to win over the peasant recruit who may come from his village hostile and distrustful.

"The soldiers get much better food than the majority of them eat in their own homes, and discipline, while strict, is humane and intelligent. Beating of soldiers, which was quite common in the Czarist Army, is now strictly forbidden. A big educational work is carried out among the men, and one is often struck by the number of officers and soldiers who may be seen at the operas, concerts, and theaters."

Meanwhile a Vienna United Press staff correspondent, Richard D. McMillan, wrote:

"Whether Russia's Red Army will ever be rushed from the East to fight in any future war in the West has become the political problem of the moment in Europe.

New Fear of Reds

"Every nation in the old world has its attention riveted on the secret diplomatic moves now being made. Some see these with hope, but many with fear, dreading the shadow of a Red régime which might loom behind marching Red battalions."

Following closely the debate in the French Chamber, Germany accused France of nullifying the Locarno Pact.

In a semi-official statement, the Government said:

"The decisive factor is the stipulation of the signatory protocol [Locarno agreement] . . . which provides that the treaty partners are first to have recourse to the League of Nations. . . .

"France thereby takes upon itself the right to decide alone in case of a conflict between Germany and the Soviet Union which of the two is to be regarded as the aggressor and to take military action against Germany, even tho no recommendation or any other decision by the League Council has been obtained."

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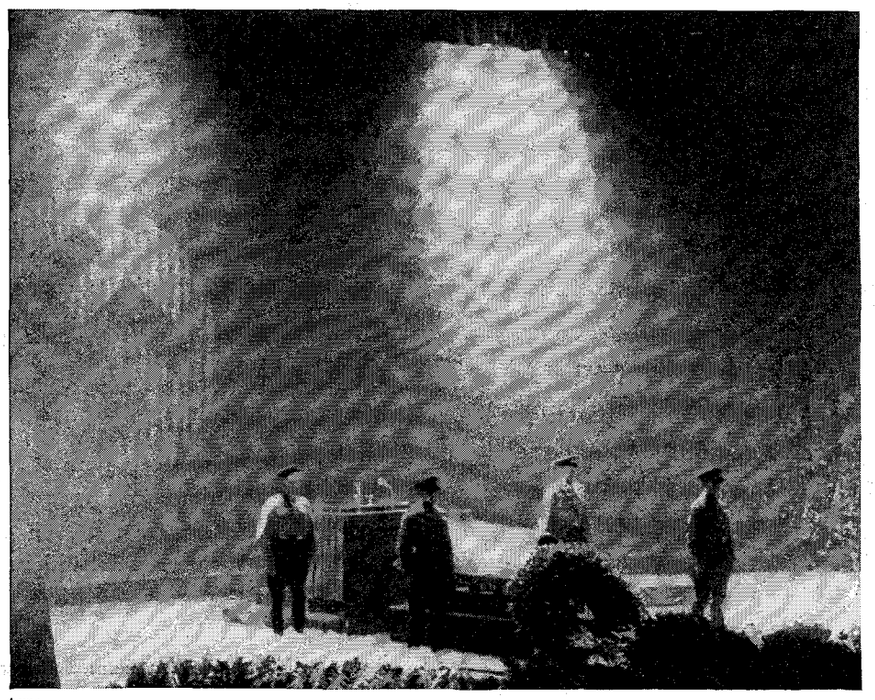
Swiss-German Crisis Intensified

Great Republic of Neutrality Suppresses Nazi Agencies on Its Soil; Action Painful Blow, Contrary to Justice, Says Hitler Organ



Acme

The lying-in-state of Wilhelm Gustloff, Nazi leader assassinated in Switzerland

Switzerland, Republic of neutrality, of hotel-keepers and of tourists, suddenly confronts the dictatorial Third Reich of Chancellor Reichsfuehrer Adolf Hitler. How, early in February, a Berne medical student named David Frankfurter—about twenty-six years old, a Yugoslav Jew—shot and killed Dr. Wilhelm Gustloff, militant leader of the Nazis in Switzerland, was told in The Literary Digest of February 15.

Herr Hitler, who had appointed Herr Gustloff, sent to Mrs. Gustloff, the widow, a message that the crime had aroused deep indignation in the entire German nation.

By way of retort the Swiss Federal Council ordered the suppression of all central or regional German Nazi organizations in Switzerland. The Federal Council also asked the Justice and Police Departments to investigate the whole question of foreign political organizations in the country.

Switzerland contends that German Nazi and Italian Fascist organizations have "abused" Swiss neutrality.

Chancellor Hitler's *Volkischer Beobachter*, organ of the National Socialist Party, declared that the action of the Swiss Federal Council was "so contrary to the simplest sense of justice that it is hard to believe."

German and Swiss Comment

"There can be no question that the Government at Berne has struck at German-Swiss relations in a most painful fashion," the paper added. "If only for reasons of justice the question must be raised whether organizations of Swiss citizens in Germany must not be subjected to the same action that has been taken at Berne."

In line with this policy the *Volkischer Beobachter* blamed the action of the Swiss authorities on Jews and Leftist parties.

Succinctly the moderate German Swiss *Neue Zuercher Zeitung* remarked: "Swiss opinion demands that there shall be no successor to Gustloff."

The *Journal de Geneve*, one of the best-informed and most influential of Swiss dailies, declared flatly:

"We can not permit that, alongside of its official representation, personified by the Legation and its Consulates, the Reich shall maintain in our territory organs under its control which permit political, economic, and even police activity."

Anglo-Egyptian Truce

A personal triumph for King Fuad of Egypt, the so-called most respectable, most insignificant of royal personages, was registered by the British press, when the Wafd, Egypt's prominent Nationalist Party, consented to the appointment of a neutral Ministry headed by Ali Pasha Maher, the King's *chef de Cabinet*.

King Fuad's detestation of Parliament and his constant hankering after a dictatorship, the London *Daily Herald* once said, are largely due to "Fascist influence on a not very strong mentality." King Fuad was brought up in Italy, talks Italian far better than he talks Arabic, and, according to this newspaper, is a great admirer of Mussolini.

Nevertheless the London *Economist*, speaking of "good news from Egypt," said that an Egyptian neutral Ministry is a public benefit of the first importance for both Egypt and Great Britain.

The new Cabinet's main task, this responsible financial and political weekly remarked, will be to appoint a representative Egyptian delegation for the coming Anglo-Egyptian negotiations for a treaty settlement, and it was related:

"The delegation is to include six representatives of the Wafd and five of other Parties. The chairman of the delegation is, rightly, Mustafa Pasha Nahas, leader of the Wafd, who also headed the delegation which came to London in 1930. . . .

Crux in Sudan

"The present negotiators should be able to concentrate upon the outstanding points of controversy over the status of the Sudan and to profit by the agreement worked out by their predecessors six years ago, on the protection of foreign residents and native minorities in Egypt, and the security of British communications."

Another British opinion, voiced by the independent and forthright *New Statesman and Nation*, was that, while the neutral Government formed by Ali Pasha Maher has no members of the United Front parties, it has, of course, their approval. This Cabinet will function until the general elections, postponed to the beginning of May.

Air of Good-Will

The delegation to conduct treaty negotiations with Great Britain, says this weekly, is "as thoroughly representative a body as Egypt could produce, and the discussions will start in an atmosphere of exceptional good-will."

The New Statesman and Nation additionally expressed the hope that "British imperialists are not going to dissipate this by niggling and extortionate demands."

Among the Egyptian Arabic-language press a contributor to *Al-Jihad* (Cairo) observed:

"Egypt does not deny Britain her interests in the Valley of the Nile; nor does she demand her own independence and freedom, ignoring these interests.

"But Egypt can not agree that either Britain or any other State shall take these interests, in her own land, as an excuse to gag her, do away with her prestige, offend her independence, or lower her state among the nations of the earth."

An Egyptian retort to the demand of certain British journals that Great Britain must have stronger military security in Egypt, in the light of recent events, was delivered by a leading Arabic-language newspaper *Al-Mokattam*, once considered a mouthpiece of the British in Egypt.

In an editorial evidently intended to influence the Anglo-Egyptian negotiators, *Al-Mokattam* remarks that the issue is not the protection of Egyptian independence, which is Egypt's own concern, but the protection of British interests.

Referring to anxious British editors on this point, *Al-Mokattam* counsels:

"They have overlooked the fact that any agreement in which either of the contracting parties does not receive a fair deal is destined not to last. It is not to be expected that any nation will submit to persistence of such unfairness, especially in this age."

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Paraguay's Soldier-President

Idol of Chaco Warriors, Exiled by Higher-ups, Returns as Hero; Predecessor and General Flee in Gunboat; Ominous Days Seen

Boibelman

Paraguay's ousted President, Eusebio Ayala; behind him a statue of Bolivar, liberator of South America

Col. Rafael Franco, Paraguay's soldier idol of the Chaco War, was deported from his country to Argentina early in February on the charge that he and other prominent officers plotted, with the support of Soviet organizations, to overthrow the Paraguayan Government.

But Colonel Franco, the disgraced exile, flew back to Asuncion on February 19 to assume office as Provisional President after the revolt of veterans of the Chaco War. The insurgents sent President Eusebio Ayala and Gen. José Felix Estigarribia, Commander-in-Chief in the Chaco War, into flight aboard a Paraguayan gunboat in the Paraguay River.

Facile, shrewd, and industrious, former President Ayala, according to Lemuel Parton in his copyrighted syndicated column, has been actively engaged in finance, and has built a huge fortune. American investors in Paraguay regard him as their friend—so much so that he has been assailed at home for being too friendly to foreign interests.

Victorious General

On the other hand, Provisional President Franco, who succeeded Doctor Ayala, is generally credited with being one of the most victorious commanders in the Paraguayan Army, and, to quote the United Press, is considered the initiator of the invasion of Bolivia by Paraguayan forces. During the Chaco War he distinguished himself for professional bravery, leadership, and ability, and was much liked by the troops, but not by other officers.

He is not a Communist, merely a typical South American firebrand, about forty, five feet eight, and heavy in build. His long service in the Chaco swamps has given his face a permanent tan, which makes his grayish-green eyes show more prominently. Personally he has been described as being always well-dressed, of attractive manner, and of direct speech.

Before leaving his exile in Buenos Aires, to head the new Paraguayan Government, Colonel Franco promised to respect all pacts signed at the Chaco Peace Conference in that city. So the Springfield *Republican* thought that the conclusion of peace is not yet imperiled, but—

"It is well known that he and his supporters are bitter against the Ayala régime for making a premature peace which does not assure territorial gains proportionate to the Army's hard-won victories.

"Instead of being a stop-the-war movement, therefore, the revolution is precisely the opposite, and, from this point of view, is comparable to Hitler's overturn of the German Republic which had negotiated a disastrous peace."

Omens Studied

Ominous days for Paraguay were foreseen by the Washington *Post*, which noted that a period of serious internal disorders now may be added to the terrific price this little country already has paid for an exceedingly empty victory. It went on:

"Coming only ten days after the Paraguayan Congress had ratified the Chaco peace-protocol, the revolution arouses apprehension as to the final settlement of the dispute with Bolivia.

"Colonel Franco . . . is said to have been responsible for the unauthorized attack upon Bolivian Fort Vanguardia in 1928, which initiated the Chaco War. Some of the militarists who have now joined in his revolt are known to oppose certain provisions of the peace-treaty. That is not an encouraging situation, after more than seven years of intermittent hostilities."

Less pessimistic in its view was the Troy (N. Y.) *Record*, which hopes that the leaders of the new régime in Paraguay will make their protestations of peace 100 per cent. good. Yet it added:

"While no one can tell from one day to the next what will happen in the South American countries, there is no reason why the Paraguayan leaders should not adopt the governmental methods of peace. There ought not to be fears in Bolivia that the agreement of peace between the two nations might be repudiated. The word of the new officials of Paraguay that the terms of the treaty will be observed should not be doubted.

"In the terrible Chaco War, the two nations had experiences which should have prepared them for lasting peace."

"Clay-Pigeon" Missed

France Unable to Get U. S. Support for 27,000-Ton Battle-Ships

"The principal functions of an envoy," a French Ambassador once wrote, "are two: the first is to look after the affairs of his own prince; the second is to discover the affairs of the other."

To-day the French Ambassador at Washington is André Lefebvre de Laboulaye, elegant, sophisticated, patrician.

"To look after the affairs of his own prince"—the French Republic—he hoped to carry out certain instructions from Paris by calling on a friend of two decades' standing, now living at the White House.

It turned out, however, that President Roosevelt was otherwise engaged.

The tall, astute diplomat with the iron-gray hair and mustache was carrying a French Foreign Office commission to find out if the United States delegation at the current London Naval Conference could not accept the Paris thesis of a 27,000-ton, twelve-inch-gun maximum for battle-ships instead of the 35,000-ton, fourteen-inch gun favored by the Anglo-American "front."

Years ago, Ambassador Laboulaye used to play good tennis with Franklin D. Roosevelt. He also is a crack clay-pigeon shot, but he could bring down no pigeon at the State Department. There, Cordell Hull, staid, reserved, statesmanlike Secretary of State, also was otherwise engaged.

William Phillips, Under Secretary of State, could only refer M. de Laboulaye back to London.

The Glasgow Herald upheld the Anglo-American maximum with:

"The limitation of battle-ships to 35,000 tons, with a corresponding reduction in the weight of their armaments, is a reasonable hope. In this sphere the Pacific necessities of the United States do, of course, qualify the expectation of any very striking limitation of tonnage, but there is no need to fear the nightmare of monster battleships."

Acme

André de Laboulaye, who brought down no pigeon at the State Department

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Anglo-Italian Propaganda Bombshell

English Question Whether Rome Publication of Report on Their Lack of Selfish Interest in Ethiopia Will Help Italy

Associated Press Photograph

Italy does not neglect her children's military education

Following up its victory on the northern field of battle in Ethiopia, Italy last week sprang a propaganda surprize at the doubtful expense of Great Britain, which has tenaciously opposed its invasion of East Africa.

Mysteriously, a secret report on British political interests in Ethiopia fell into the hands of the semiofficial *Giornale d'Italia* (Rome), which published it in somewhat garbled form.

The report was drawn up last June, by a British interministerial committee, for the Government's guidance on Ethiopia.

Britain, the report stated among other things, had no vital interests in Ethiopia important enough to warrant resistance to Italy. Moreover, from some points of view, Italian control of the country would be advantageous to Britain.

Anxiety Stirred

The leakage of the report, and its contents, caused anxiety in both Italy and Britain. In the House of Commons the Government was called upon for an explanation.

Describing the report as a "bombshell—for Italy," *The Daily Telegraph* commented thus: "Virginio Gayda, the Editor of the *Giornale d'Italia,* has provided convincing proof that Britain has no selfish, ulterior, imperialistic motive in the stand she made at Geneva against an aggressor who broke the covenant."

Said the London *Times:* "All that is truly mysterious about the stolen British document is that Il Duce thought its publication profitable. . . .

"The propaganda which hitherto has defended the justice of its cause with apocryphal dumdum bullets, equally apocryphal activities of the British military attaché in Ethiopia and British decorations (if any) worn by Ras Mulugheta [Ethiopian leader beaten in the week's big battle] will certainly have a task to twist that story to its advantage."

Drive Continues

In Italy the report served chiefly to buoy up confidence, as, in northern Ethiopia, Marshal Badoglio continued to thrust southward after his major victory, the Battle of Enderta.

He had occupied 700 additional square miles south of Makale. The chief position in his hands was Amba (Mount) Aradam, which, with Amba Alagi, his next point of attack, forms the key Ethiopian defense in the north.

"The battle of the Enderta region," commented the *Corriere della Sera* (Rome), "is of double importance: from a military standpoint because the best fighting unit in the Ethiopian army was cut to pieces; from a political standpoint because it will be a weighty factor in the international situation."

The *Messagerro* (Rome) held that the "development of the Enderta battle represented by the Third Army's farther advance to the southwest resulted in the bottling up of between thirty and forty thousand men whose qualitative and quantitative efficiency has been surely affected."

Maj. Gen. A. C. Temperley, military expert of *The Daily Telegraph* (London), said: "The Ethiopians apparently fought well, but they are obviously incapable of withstanding the Italian assault when fighting under battle conditions where superior armament can be used most effectively. . . .

"It would be an exaggeration to describe the battle as decisive, but it inflicted serious losses on the Ethiopians and the effect on their morale may be considerable."

Meanwhile the League of Nations Sanctions Committee set March 2 for discussion of the application of the oil embargo against Italy.

Mongolian Border Clashes

Outer Mongolia is colored as Chinese territory on the map. Practically speaking, however, Chinese sovereignty has lapsed. As Government there exists what is called the Mongolian People's Republic, proclaiming its independence, but with the Soviet form and in close liaison with Moscow.

The country lies between Inner Mongolia, definitely recognized as Chinese, and the Japanese puppet State of Manchukuo on the south and east, and Soviet Siberia on the north.

Japan's insistence on a Commission to define the Soviet-Manchukuan boundary, as a result of troublesome border incidents, was sharply rebuked by *Izvestia.* This official organ of the Soviet Central Executive Committee said:

"The U.S.S.R. does not submit to blackmail."

Soviet authorities, Moscow press correspondents reported, sharply contradict the Japanese contention that border incidents arise because the Soviet-Manchukuan boundary-line is not plainly set. *Izvestia* said further:

"The Japanese Government and the Japanese militarists well know that the border between the U.S.S.R. and Manchukuo is definitely and clearly established by treaties signed between Russia and China and an exchange of maps."

Japanese View

In Japan, on the other hand, the Tokyo *Chugai Shogyo Shimpo,* an independent conservative daily, the leading commercial newspaper of Japan, remarked:

"Trouble has arisen along the Manchukuan-Mongolian border in Hsingan Province of the former country following recent invasions of Mongolian soldiers into the Manchukuo territory.

"Such incidents have always been frequent occurrences, but it is noteworthy that they have become even more so of late. Hermut is the name of the place the Mongolian soldiers invaded. The Outer Mongolian Republic declares this spot is within its borders, while Manchukuo insists that the Mongols unreasonably occupied it, pointing out that the place has been considered Manchurian for a long time."

In Japan results of the general election indicated that the military policy affecting Asiatic border questions would remain unchanged.

The Government of Keisuke Okada, nonparty Premier, who has a strong parliamentary majority, was confirmed. While the Government's majority, under the new elections, is composite, it is predominantly Liberal. Marked by extreme dulness, the election registered a strong popular vote against Fascism.

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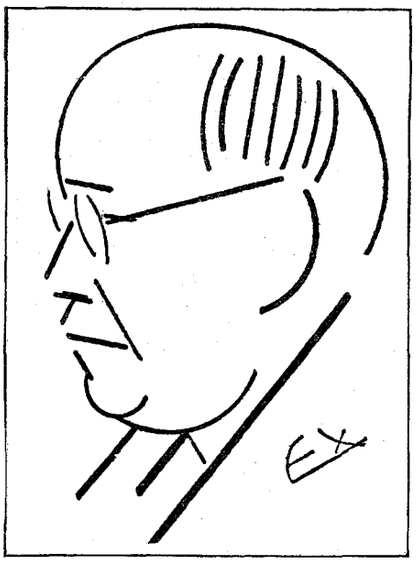
Revolutionary Tug of War in Spain

Azaña Becomes Premier After Defeat of Forces Led by Gil Robles; "Order or Anarchy" Called Issue in Seething Nation



Winner: Manuel Azaña, Leftist leader and new Prime Minister of Spain
—Ex in Le Peuple *(Paris)*

Since Spain proclaimed its second Republic in 1931, ousting King Alfonso, it has toyed with both Right and Left régimes.

When the Left got too radical in 1933, the country switched to the Right. When the Right seemed headed for a dictatorship last year, the white-headed President Zamora staved off a crisis by dissolving the Cortes (parliament) and calling for new elections.

Last week, for the first time, all the Right and Left political groups in the country lined up in two solid fronts for a last-ditch fight at the polls.

On the Right side were the Traditionalists (Carlists), Alfonso Monarchists, Agrarians, Conservatives, Fascists, Liberal Democrats, and Progressives.

Ranged on the Left were Left Republicans, Socialists, Communists, Anarcho-Syndicalists, and all other radical elements.

Heading these diverse groups were two powerful political personalities, Manuel Azaña, for the Left, and José Marie Gil Robles, for the Right.

Warring Coalitions

Azaña, Left Republican chief, the Republic's first Premier, and the brains of the anti-Monarchist 1931 revolution, won. He was made Premier, but will count for support upon the Socialists, who are numerically stronger than his own Party.

Gil Robles, lawyer and journalist, heads the Conservative Catholic Popular Action bloc, which had the largest single vote in the last Cortes. He aspired to the Premiership, but was denied it because of suspected Fascist or Monarchist intentions.

In his Party organ, *El Debate* (Madrid), of which he is an editor, he said: "The issue of the election is revolution or counter-revolution. Order or anarchy. Victory of the revolutionary elements would mean ruin.

"Socialists, Communists, and Anarchists have united to march toward a victorious October. The enemy is Socialism. October signifies the bloody persecution of religion.

"Against the enemy are united desire for respect for religion, social order, a united country, respect for property, and protection of the family."

Leaders Contrasted

Of Azaña and Gil Robles the London *Evening Standard* said:

"Physically, the two leading actors in this drama bear a certain resemblance to each other. Both are of medium height, corpulent with puffed-out chests and big pasty faces typical of Castile; they are distinctly not Latin types.

"Baldness is overtaking both of them despite the fact that Azaña caps Gil Robles's youthful thirty-seven years with nearly another twenty.

"Both have voices pitched a shade above the normal and both are fluent and excellent speakers. Neither plays any sport, but Robles is fond of bull-fighting and Azaña likes shooting, altho literature is his chief hobby.

"There the resemblance ends. Gil Robles is a brilliant politician. He plays openly to the gallery and awakens delirious enthusiasm at his meetings and in parliament. Passionate in public speaking, he is glacially cold in private conversation. Half-opened, very cold blue eyes center fixedly on the interviewer and his answers are quick, precise, mechanical.

"Azaña is just the opposite. In public he is cold and aloof. Politics as such does not interest him. In two years as Prime Minister he never even took the trouble to form a strong Party."

Faced with the choice of either of these two figures, 12,000,000 Spaniards went to the polls in a vote which held the nation in a tension it has seldom known.

Socialists tried to vote in red shirts. Women, who previously had voted largely for the Right, outnumbered men at the polls, many supporting the Left.

Rival Battle-Cries

The battle-cry of the Right was: "Save Spain from becoming a Soviet Russian colony." The Left countered with: "Free the 30,000 political prisoners."

When it became evident that the Left was winning, many of these prisoners mutinied, killing guards. In Barcelona and Madrid red flags were seen. Civil guards and police battled riotous mobs. Martial law was proclaimed in some districts. The toll of life was finally placed at ten dead and sixty-six wounded.

Said the Monarchist *ABC* (Madrid):

"Russian Communists are making an effort to break into Spain. . . . Spain must join in defense of its progress against the revolutionary and his accomplices."

The Left triumph was attributed in a measure to the fact that the Anarcho-Syndicalists, who believe in direct action, voted for the first time. They number 1,500,000 and are concentrated for the most part in Catalonia. Forming the largest trade union in Spain, their belief has been hitherto phrased, "the State a fraud, voting a snare."

The final result was, in the words of the Independent *Ahora* (Madrid), "an adventure" for Spain.

"The Left Wingers," it declared, "do not tighten up the parliamentary régime as long as the opposition forces can find the means to control them."

England, with a deep interest in Spanish affairs, studied the election carefully. Said *The Manchester Guardian:*

"The record of the seven Right-Center Governments which have ruled Spain for the past two years shows nothing of positive value to offset the stern measures adopted in the October, 1934, uprisings; the suppression of local governments in Madrid and Barcelona; the press censorship, and the heavy budgetary deflation.

Red Revolution Doubted

"On the other hand the Left had immediate aims for which they were fighting, as well as a constructive program. Hence there is no reason to anticipate 'red revolution.' "

According to *Le Temps* of Paris, "what is necessary to know is not how the new Government has been formed, but how it will suppress troubles throughout the country. The movement in favor of amnesty created unrest among the workers' quarters of the towns, while the intention of the extremists to exploit the Left's electoral success is evident."

In a similar vein the *Echo de Paris* (Paris) says: "It is not difficult to imagine the thirst for revenge which is that of those leaving prison or those of the Azaña Party. It must be hoped that moderates of the Left will form a third Party, which alone will be able to pacify the country."

Loser: José Marie Gil Robles, Right front leader, runner-up in the Spanish election
—Vechernaya *(Moscow)*

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Saddest Street: Its Light in Window

How the Bowery Mission Serves as Good Samaritan to Derelicts; A Prodigal Son Leads in Remaking Other Prodigals

"But listen, Big Boy. It don't make no difference! You're in the gutter paralyzed with smoke—they picks you up an' takes you in.

"You're in the gutter where you fainted from hunger—they picks you up an' takes you in. Hard-boiled Samaritans who ain't fooled about you, but who knows the human thing to do, an' does it.

"Feeds you an' cleans you up an' sleeps you—gets you warm inside an' out, gets your mind in shape to think ahead beyond the next hand-out, an' back of the last one; an' *then* they start workin' on your soul."

So an initiate speaks of the Bowery Mission—a Samaritan organization in what is perhaps New York's saddest street—as Berton Braley tells its story in *The Christian Herald* (New York). *The Christian Herald*, by the way, sponsors the fifty-six-year-old mission, and sees that the work goes on.

One may hear its Sunday service, from 3 to 4, by tuning in on radio Station WHN. Since the broadcast started a few weeks ago, a shower of clothes, shoes, hats, and overcoats has been sent in.

Dead-End Street

Once upon a time the Bowery was a pleasant place of farms and orchards belonging to Gov. Peter Stuyvesant. People called it the Great Bouwerie—a bower of blooming fruit to gladden the eyes of the Dutch burghers. Now it is a dead-end street for hundreds who have slipped to the bottom rung.

Here come the drifters, the derelicts, the misfits, the down-and-outers. No matter who or what the victims were or where they came from, the Bowery Mission is there to help them back to their feet.

The Mission is a five-story brick building, with a chapel, quarters for the Pastor, and provision for 500 beds. It has a kitchen of spotless white tile. Visitors may see the story of the Prodigal Son told in stained glass panels.

Here many prodigal sons have come. One is the Pastor, the Rev. Charles J. St. John, who was born in August, 1895, in Brookville, Mississippi. Educated in the University of Mississippi, he became a successful salesman. Taking on John Barleycorn, he went out for the count. But he pulled himself together, went to a seminary, and became a minister. He gave up his ambition to enter politics and become Governor of his native State, but after he took over the Bowery Mission he was appointed a Colonel on the Governor's staff.

"And because he has been through the mill himself and knows how it grinds," says Mr. Braley, "he can help with sympathy, comprehension, and tolerance those who are being ground by it now."

As Pastor St. John put it to Mr. Braley, because the mission is "regular and permanent, we have the opportunity to know these men, to learn their histories, to gain their personal confidence and to study their problems.

Character Weighed

"We've learned almost automatically to distinguish the irredeemable, professional moocher and panhandler from the down-and-outer who has a spark of ambition or self-respect left, no matter how dully it glows. And we fan that spark with friendliness and charity and consideration—and with prayer and singing and preaching; for this is a religious Mission, and we believe in our religion."

So, as Mr. Braley carries on the story, "St. John and his hard-boiled Samaritan crew dispense their 500 meals a day and a hearty human friendliness as further savor to the food. So they unsentimentally delouse the flophouse vermin from men's shabby clothing, and send 260 men each night up to clean beds in warm, clean dormitories—'and listen, buddy, soap and a shower are free—but compulsory.'

Courtesy *The Christian Herald*

The Rev. Charles J. St. John with some of his followers at the Bowery Mission

"So they restore the sterilized garments in the morning, and if those garments are beyond repair, there's a decent rehabilitated second-hand suit to take its place. And shoes and socks, as well. Sometimes a hundred suits a day—sent in by express, parcel post and local truck from kindly folk all over the country.

Craniums Trimmed

"So the Mission barber 'keeps on shaving,' scraping scrubby, briery whiskers from a hundred and fifty faces daily, and trimming forty craniums per diem in the cause of self-respect. There is a lot of salvation in a hair-cut and a shave."

Mr. St. John and his helpers get the refashioned men jobs, too. "The books show 681 temporary or regular positions obtained during the year—and if the men lose them through circumstances or their own fault, they get them others. It requires a complete and repeated demonstration of worthlessness before these hard-boiled Samaritans quit trying to refit a man for usefulness."

Washington Couldn't Win

If George Washington were living to-day he would have no chance of being elected President of the United States, asserts *The Living Church*, High Church Episcopal weekly published in Milwaukee.

Washington, says *The Living Church*, would be opposed by the following elements:

"—by the American Legion, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Liberty League, because he was a known radical of revolutionary tendencies;

"—by William Randolph Hearst, for the above reasons, and also because he was born an Englishman;

"—by President Roosevelt and the New Dealers, because he believed in the Constitution and in rugged individualism;

"—by Bishop Cannon and the Methodist Board of Prohibition, Temperance, and Public Morals, because he believed in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and kept the best cellar in Virginia;

"—by the Roman Catholics and Missouri Synod Lutherans, because he was a Mason;

"—by the Atheist Society, because he was a churchman;

"—by the Negroes and the Civil Liberties Union, because he kept slaves;

"—by the Communists and other radicals, because he was an aristocrat and a capitalist;

"—by the aristocrats and capitalists, because he believed in democracy and the rights of the common man;

"—by the League of Nations Association and the internationalists, because he warned of entangling foreign alliances;

"—by the isolationists and hundred-percenters, because he entered into a treaty of alliance with France, and welcomed Lafayette, Von Steuben and Kosciusko as his allies;

"—by the conservationists and the Amalgated Fruit Growers of America, because he cut down the cherry-tree."

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Living the Life of a Mole

Miner Describes Clawing for Coal Miles Deep in Dark Mountain; Crouching Workers Never See Daylight Except on Sundays

Mack Adams is a Kentucky coal-miner, now unemployed. While his pick is idle he jots down for *Mountain Life and Work* a few thoughts on what life has meant to him—a life passed in clawing coal from the insides of a mountain.

Mountain Life and Work is a quarterly published at Berea College, Berea, Kentucky, "in the interest of fellowship and mutual understanding between the Appalachian Mountains and the rest of the nation."

An example:

"Lame Shoat Gap looks like an old house sunk upside down in the mountain. Smears of dawn daub the east, filter through murky fog, and rest above Dark Hollow. Scrub-oak bushes are silhouettes on the rock cliffs; look like corn-shucks full of sausages hanging from the rafters. Everything is quiet, like a farm before roosters start crowing.

"Down below, Dark Hollow lies snoring. Huge folds of dusk wrap her up in black blankets. Here and there lights flicker out from a miner's shack, like spikes of gold half-hammered into the dark. Dark Hollow's where we live. It's just like the name. Darkness loves that hollow; comes early and stays late.

Down to the Mines

"We slope downward on the other side of Lame Shoat, trudge along to the creek trace, then start up Razor Back to Greasy Gap and down to the mines.

"Brown beech-leaves carpet the dirt. They hide rocks and dead limbs. We stumble. The leaves rustle apart and back together like ripples on a mill-pond. Withy beech-limbs claw at our faces. They slap and sting with the sharp December morning. Carbid lights sputter. A sudden breeze snatches the blaze and is gone.

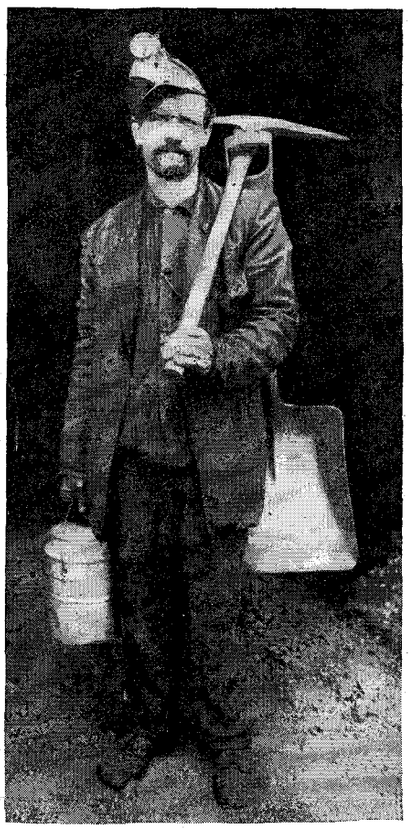
"We are six brothers, all six feet. Never been to school. We just know the strength of six feet of muscles. Our shoulders are bent, hunched forward as if trying to fend a blow. When we walk our long arms dangle down 'most to the knee.

"We are not as good to look at as we used to be. We mine coal. Miles back into the bowels of the mountain we burrow, like a wild animal clawing its hole for hibernation. Our days are lived in the dark, bent in a strained crouch like you've seen a football team before the kick-off.

Bending Necks

"Our heads set well back between the shoulders; necks bend sort of like a goose-necked hoe. That makes a large Adam's apple. Our eyes curve upward as if we study the weather. The mine is full of treacherous horse-backs—slate-flakes that drop without warning. They leave a hole the shape of a horse's back, and crush whatever they fall on. We're always looking upward.

"We are sleepy. Getting up at three o'clock every morning, tramping over Lame Shoat to the mines is tough. Even for muscles like seasoned hickory, warped in the sun. We've done this since we were big enough to lift a chunk of black coal.



Acme

Ready for the mine

Solemn Group

"We are a solemn group. Never know what to expect next. Maybe a gas explosion. Maybe a horse-back. One brother is minus an arm. A horse-back got him. Knocked his carbid light out. He was working an isolated room. For half a day he lay there in the dark with half a ton of slate rock crushing his arm.

"We missed him at night and went a-looking. His arm was ground up in a bloody mess. We managed to drag him out to the next drift mouth. The doctor was gone. The arm stayed that way till next day. But he loads ten tons of black coal now. He loads ten tons with the one long arm.

"Mostly we stumble on toward the mines in silence. Now and then a limb slaps back. One curses. Another grunts. His foot plunges into a hole. A round rock turns an ankle. One falls and grabs with his hands. We slide down bluffs, catch slim hickory saplings to hold us back. Dark traces across the mountains, worn by stumbling feet. Dark entry, jet as the coal that lines its sides. . . .

"Occasionally there are scant snatches of conversation. Mostly it's about our conditions, our kids. Down there in Dark Hollow where we never see daylight except on Sundays, where blackness likes to hover like a smothering cloud, shut out from the light of decent learning, our kids are struggling to grow up. . . .

"Every day we look up and say: 'God, must our children follow our stumbling feet? Is there no sunshine of new life, of intelligent learning, ideas that will penetrate even the dismal depths of Dark Hollow?'

"Our kids, they're all that matter now."

Orphans' Door to Success

"Project 1269" is the legend over a door in West Twenty-third Street, New York City. In size 1269 is one of the tiniest WPA projects in the city. In its function it is one of the most significant.

The legend over the door identifies the orphan section of the gigantic organization caring for the unemployed. The object of 1269 is to find permanent positions for about 1,200 orphans between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one who have had to fend for themselves since they were sixteen.

An alert, dark, bespectacled little man past the prime of life—Dr. Isadore Warsaw, former rabbi who made theological history by refusing to accept money for his ministerial services—is in charge. He knows no creed in his present ministry. The applicant has only to be an orphan in need of a job.

Keys to Careers

At present about 600 of the orphans are employed by the School Board as junior clerks, their wages being paid by the WPA. But the employment is at best a make-shift, and Doctor Warsaw's whole effort is to place these young people in career positions. Bankers and bakers and candlestick makers have come to reckon with Doctor Warsaw when they have a job to spare. Almost all types of businesses—large food concerns, retailers, utilities, newspapers, etc., have responded.

"Doctor Warsaw is the personification of hustle," writes Gordon Kahn in the New York *Daily Mirror*. "He couldn't ask J. P. Morgan personally to hire one of his orphan boys, so he buttonholed Thomas Lamont, the next-in-Morgan-command.

" 'I've got just the boy for you. A lad who'll pull your firm out of the red. Snappy at figures. Intelligent. Willing. Small salary to start. . . .'

" 'But—but—'

" 'No buts. Sign right here. He'll be around early to-morrow morning, ready to work. Good-by.'

"And that's how Doctor Warsaw got one of his boys into the firm of J. P. Morgan.

"The same thing has repeated itself ninety-three times within the last few weeks. . . .

"The jobs that Doctor Warsaw has gotten to-day for boys who will be anything from financiers down to bakers are the success-stories of to-morrow."

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Loyalty and Integrity *vs.* Romance

S. N. Behrman in New Amiable Essay of His Flinty Philosophy; Ina Claire Stirs Enthusiasm in Flawless Guild Cast

Vandamm

Osgood Perkins and Ina Claire, two of the "nice people" in "End of Summer"

S. N. Behrman, the dramatist who has discovered a virtually critic-proof method of saying wise and important things in an amiable way, is a one-play-a-year craftsman. Season by season he adds to his score and his stature with witty exercises in flinty philosophy.

Last season it was "Rain From Heaven." This season it is "End of Summer." Last season it was compassion and truth. This season it is surrender and doubt. And there are not three persons in the whole grasp of the New York theater who can agree which is the better of the two plays.

Mr. Behrman enjoys using well-bred, well-fed people as the slates on which to scribble his notes on humanity. The women in his play wear sables without self-consciousness; the men never tug at the unaccustomed tightness of an evening collar.

Nice Scatter-Brain

The people in "End of Summer," with minor exceptions, are nice people. Rich or poor, they are nice. His *Mrs. Frothingham* is especially nice, even if especially scatter-brained. She is a remnant of a great oil family, fabulously wealthy. Around her she gathers old friends, dubious novelists, eager young Amherst seniors determined to reconstruct the economics of the times. Also, for brilliant cap-piece, a psychoanalyst born in the gutter and raised to present eminence through pure peasant self-determination.

These are Mr. Behrman's creatures and he employs them elegantly and wisely. In the end, there is the fair certainty that nothing world-shaking has taken place.

The play, under Theater Guild auspices, receives the minutest care. It is shrewdly cast, its players perform without flaw.

After comparing the new Behrman play to last season's, Burns Mantle in the New York *Daily News* writes:

"Rain from heaven, philosophies from Behrman, idealism *versus* the money god, thinking, groping, articulate humans sitting about on the arms of many lovely chairs, exposing their minds and revealing their complexes for an audience to look at and marvel.

"Or perhaps only to wonder. I think, of the two plays, I like 'End of Summer' best. It has more warmth and is more closely knit, or seemed so at the Guild Theater. . . . It has more youth, and is more directly concerned with the problems of youth. And it is youth and youth's problems that still keep the world of theater turning over, whether they ever get any place or not.

Love *vs.* Integrity

"This is one of youth's love problems, as you might expect, but it is concerned with something more than the ordinary romance of stage commerce. It is a romance in which a poor young man spurns the rich young girl in order to preserve his integrity and remain loyal to his undergraduate convictions that something has got to be done about this here muddled universe.

"But it goes more deeply into the situation than such problems usually go. These young people stand firm as the victims of conditions. Facts and not theories hold them tight.

"She doesn't know how to rid herself of the burden of wealth, either gracefully or practically, even if he would permit that sacrifice, and he holds the salvation of his soul as a factor in his remaining loyal to the revolution that is just over the horizon.

"They are still wondering what to do at the play's end, tho he is bravely trying to escape a decision by running away, and she is bravely pocketing her pride and running after."

Whatever differences of opinion there may have been over the qualities in the play, there was none over the performances. Miss Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins once again found themselves laden with all the available adjectives of enthusiasm.

* * *

Electrifying Actress

Manhattan's first-nighters found themselves treated, in "Co-Respondent Unknown," to the rare spectacle of one player so completely capturing a tired play that it became, at once, electric and vivid.

And, next morning, Miss Peggy Conklin discovered that New York's critics were not asleep when she walked on stage in an impudent hat and perky dress and competently set about the business of taking the play into her own two hands.

No stranger to critical approval, never before had she received quite such enthusiastic notices, the echoes of which reached as far as Newark, New Jersey, where the Newark *News* reported: "Miss Conklin, who doesn't wear them, may put four feathers in any one of her hats this morning."

"As *Miss La Forge-O'Shaughnessy*," Robert Garland told his readers in the New York *World-Telegram*, "Peggy Conklin does not appear until the second stanza is fairly under way. From then on 'Co-Respondent Unknown' is hers. Hers to do with as she likes. What she likes to do is endow her happy-go-lucky *Hattie* with height and breadth and gamin-like integrity.

"Which is another way of saying that Miss Conklin's *Prudence Kirkland* in 'The Pursuit of Happiness,' her *Gabby Maple* in 'The Petrified Forest,' and her *Hattie O'Shaughnessy* in 'Co-Respondent Unknown' are sisters under the skin."

Peggy Conklin: she found that "the New York critics were not asleep"

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On the Current Screen

Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers Engaging in "Follow the Fleet"; "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" in Color Acclaimed

"Romance in a dancing slipper": Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "Follow the Fleet"

The skilled dance-and-mockery firm of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, Inc., taps itself to sea in the new chapter of the adventures of romance in a dancing slipper.

The new picture is "Follow the Fleet," produced, as is customary, by RKO-Radio.

The plot possibilities inherent in the first smashing success of the pair, "The Gay Divorcee," having been exhausted, this time Scenarists Dwight Taylor and Allan Scott reach back eleven years through time to rewrite and equip with sound an old silent, "Shore Leave," by Hubert Osborne.

Mr. Osborne wrote it as a play and as such David Belasco produced it on the New York stage. It was a success and the then soundless films made the first of a long, seemingly endless series of "sailor-meets-girl" films.

Play Greatly Changed

Mr. Osborne would not recognize his play in the new version. Taylor and Scott have equipped it with 1936 wit, and astonishingly apt opportunities for Miss Rogers and Mr. Astaire to dance, singly and in duet.

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"A Tale of Two Cities"; "The Story of Louis Pasteur"; "The Petrified Forest"; "The Prisoner of Shark Island."

AAA—"A Night at the Opera"; "The Ghost Goes West"; "The Milky Way"; "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"; "Follow the Fleet."

AA—"Hands Across the Table"; "Frisco Kid"; "If You Could Only Cook."

The ratings are *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

In addition, the photography by David Abel furnishes some new marks for his fellow lensmen to shoot at.

At such moments as the story lags, as any film story must at some point in eight reels of length, Irving Berlin furnishes melodious cloaking of the weak spots.

It is no casual testimonial to Director Mark Sandrich that he has kept two parallel plots running through the picture without once permitting them to overlap or confuse each other.

Third Teaming

If "Follow the Fleet" does not seem quite as refreshing as previous Astaire-Rogers works, the critical sag may be traced to the undeniable fact that it is difficult to find stories suitable to the team. Also, they have made three pictures together. Sturdier acting arrangements than the teaming of two excelling dancers have collapsed with less.

In the end it is a better musical picture than most and the now famous dancing team is as sprightly and engaging as ever.

Hollywood Daily Variety traces slight disappointment to the story, reporting: "'Follow the Fleet' fails to live up to the entertainment values of previous Astaire-Rogers offerings, due to a botched-up story."

The Hollywood Reporter is irked by no such findings. Its preview opinion was that "The Astaire-Rogers musicals are developing a distinctive class and character."

Meanwhile, the picture was held over a second week at Radio City Music Hall, New York City.

* * *

Stirring Film in Color

Hollywood's second feature-length Technicolor-process picture is "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," from the story by John Fox, Jr.

Grover Jones has turned it into a good, sturdy, stirring scenario and the color cameras have done the rest. Unlike the first picture in tints, "Becky Sharp," much of this Walter Wanger production was filmed out of doors.

When Mr. Fox wrote the story it incorporated certain reliable situations bound to captivate a reader and whip up his sympathy and interest. Mr. Jones's scenario is a shrewd mirror of the book and, trained for years in Hollywood's knowledge of what dims audiences' eyes with tears and stirs audience hearts, he has added a few wise excitements that are purely cinema.

The color is magnificent, if one likes color. "Becky Sharp," and its jewel-like tiny predecessor, "La Cucaracha," have won scores to approval of natural color in films. It is reasonable to think that the color in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" will go still further toward erasing resentment toward tints on the screen.

Fred Stone Superb

Fred Stone is superb in the earthy rôle of *Judd Tolliver*, the feuding mountaineer. Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney head the large cast which gives him resolute support. It is Spanky McFarland, as tragic little *Buddie Tolliver*, who will emerge, when the picture is generally released, as a new child-actor idol.

"The Trail of The Lonesome Pine" was previewed in Miami Beach, Florida, before an invited audience of motion-picture executives, State officials, New York stage managers, and newspaper men.

"This picture ends black and white pictures for all time," H. I. Phillips, columnist for the New York *Sun*, said after the preview.

"The natural coloring is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. Within three years there can't be a movie made in black and white."

Gov. Henry Horner of Illinois, after the preview, said: "I found it a magnificent production. I have never been so touched by a motion-picture."

Spanky McFarland, one of the Tollivers *in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"*

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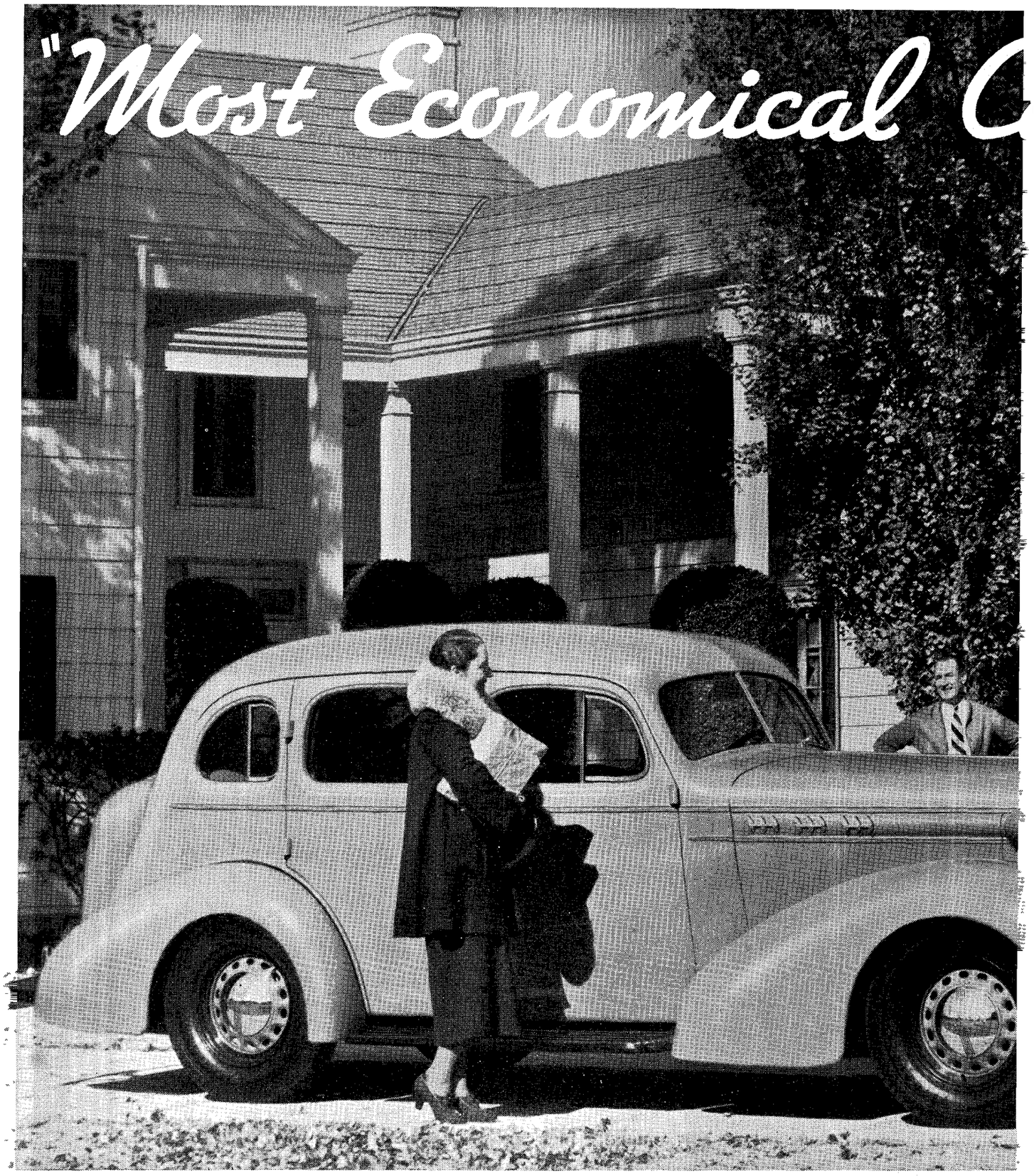

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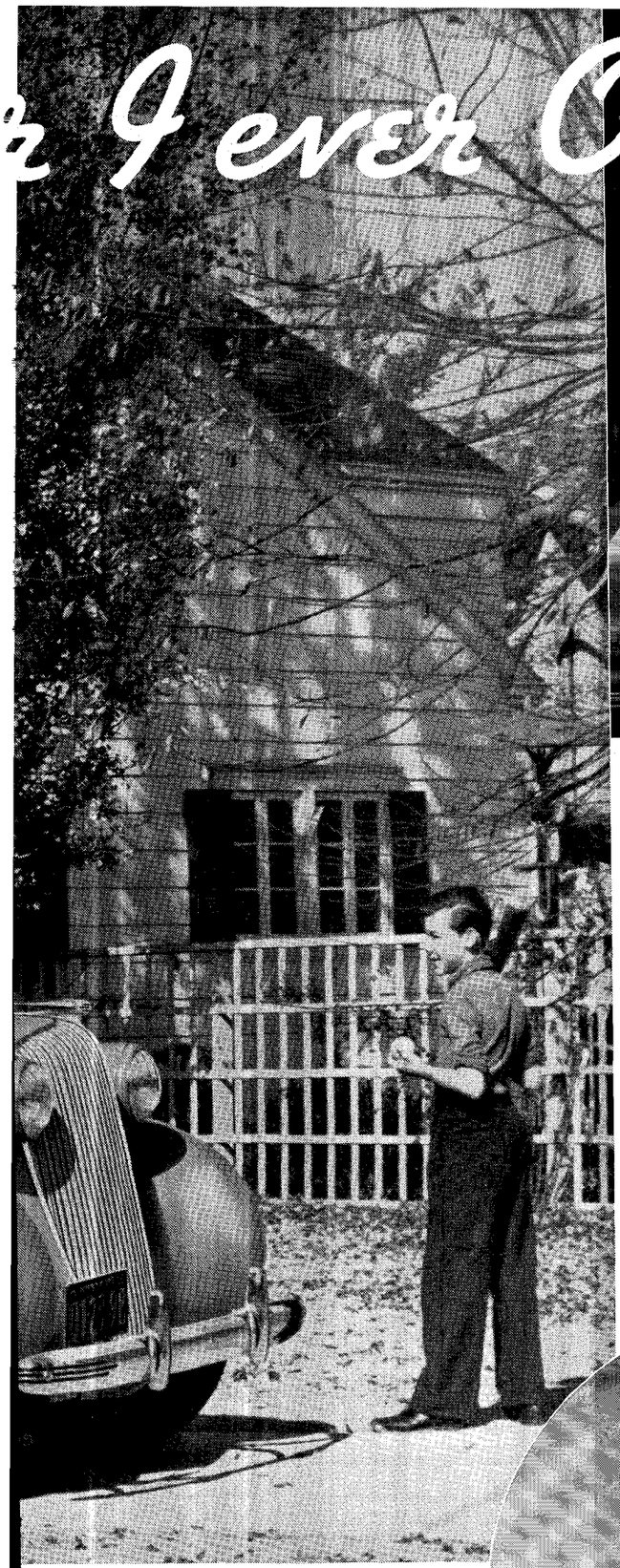

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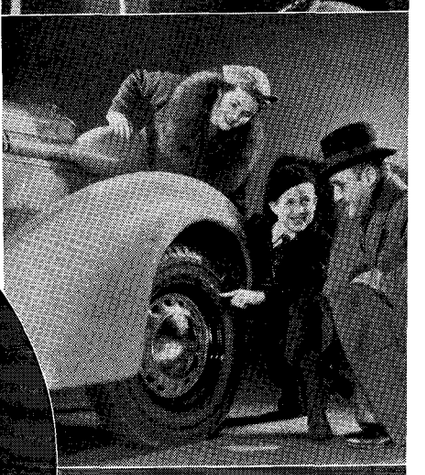

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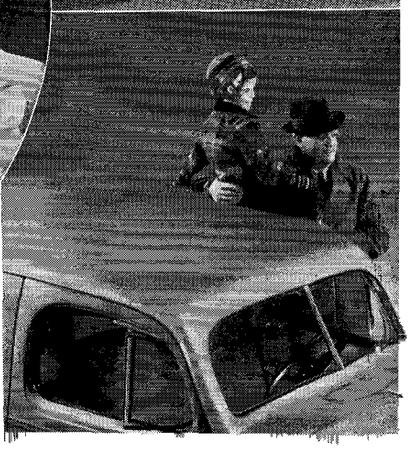

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Satirists: Angry and Furious

Works by Hogarth and Other Masters of Three Centuries Shown; Unconventional Beauty Marks Another New York Exhibit

Courtesy Frederick Keppel & Co.

Detail of George Bellows's lithograph of Billy Sunday

"There are two indispensable qualifications for real satire," the *Saturday Review of Literature* once said.

"One is perspective. The satirist must have a range of values. He must know by intimate experience what society can be like or what it has been like before he describes it as it is.

"The other qualification is indignation. . . . Irony can be merely amused, but not satire. The satirist must be good and mad. He must be angry without losing his sense of humor. He must be furious without losing control over his brains."

At the galleries of Frederick Keppel & Co. in New York the works of four great satirists are now on exhibition. The work of these men, William Hogarth, Thomas Rowlandson, George Bellows, and John Sloan, almost spans the centuries from the eighteenth to the twentieth.

William Hogarth was born in 1697, the son of a literary hack. In 1724 he began to paint scenes from metropolitan life and called them "Conversation Pieces," and in 1731 in his own engraving shop, he printed his first series of engravings.

Ingenious Hogarth

"I esteem the ingenious Mr. Hogarth as one of the most useful satirists any age hath produced," the eighteenth century novelist, Henry Fielding, wrote. "In his excellent works you see the delusive scene exposed with all the force of humor and, on casting your eyes on another picture, you behold the dreadful and fatal consequences.

"I almost dare to affirm that these . . . works of his . . . are calculated more to serve mankind than all the folios of morality which have ever been written."

John Sloan is the only one of these four men who is still living. Born in 1871, he studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Design, went to work in the art department of the *Philadelphia Press*. His etchings ars straight-forward, thoroughly American, picturing the America of the last decade.

Said Guy Pene du Bois, the painter:

"Any dishonesty, any affectation is unbearable to Sloan. Beauty is in honesty, which is, after all, truth."

George Bellows died in 1925, at the age of forty-three. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, he was a star athlete at Ohio State, came to New York, and studied art under Robert Henri. In 1908 he was made a member of the National Academy of Design.

"The lithographs and drawings of George Bellows are the glowing manifestations of a nature that was filled with a fierce passion for life," wrote his artist friend Eugene Speicher.

"His enthusiasms were peculiarly American, and were charged with vitality, fresh air, and frankness. . . . He had wit, and never drew or painted without it. He was human and humorous, adventurous and unafraid. He was idealistic and not untouched by the romantic. Above all, he had a heart and used it at all times."

* * *

American Scene

There is but little conventional beauty in the American scene as depicted in the current exhibit of 208 water-colors and pastels at the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York City.

Frowzy houses, dreary streets, landscapes lined with bill-boards and gas-tanks, and grimly caricatured bathers and playgoers occupy much of the Museum's wall space. Other artists, known and unknown, have limned modern machinery. Then, there are the usual portraits, seascapes, sports, and circuses. Techniques are equally diverse.

For the first time, this year's show is in two parts. The first remained a month (The Literary Digest, January 25). The second continues until March 18.

"A few of the artists," wrote Edward Alden Jewell, in the New York *Times*, "more acrobatic than discreet, harness this versatile medium [water-color] to pursuits that press it quite to, or even well beyond, such limits as may be thought reasonable . . . [but] the troublesome extremes by no means predominate.

"This is, taken as a whole, an excellent show indeed. Certainly it is alive with interest; rich in experimentation, in varied points of view. There are familiar talents, and there are new talents. If there be much that invites debate, there is much, too, that deserves to be esteemed handsome, secure accomplishment."

At the Whitney Museum of American Art: Emil Holzhauer's water-color, Main Street

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News of the Book World

Lord Dunsany's Broth of a Lad; Robust "Old Man Greenlaw"; "The Way of the Transgressor," Chronicle of Adventure

Up in the Hills. By Lord Dunsany. 244 pp. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.)

As everybody knows, Lord Dunsany kissed the Blarney Stone years and years ago, but never did he yarn to better purpose than now, tho to be sure, the adventures of *Gen. Mickey Connor* of *Cranogue* involve no international stabilization of currency or other weighty problems, except, possibly, disarmament.

For it must be recorded that when the tyrants of the Irish Free State went into the hills to disperse *Mickey's* warriors, so disgusted was he that he fled to London and there took the King's shilling, putting on the uniform of the Irish Guards in protest against the ways of those who had prevailed where but so recently, the Black and Tan "trouble" had raged.

Dunsany has written this tale with a jocund sarcasm, but readers will find him humorously guileful as he drags the forgotten youthful plaything called make-believe out of memory's dusty trash-bin.

In the beginning the head men of the Black Republic of *Liberissima* made up their minds to become civilized. They had observed that the more intellectual nations were constantly sending men forth with pick and shovel, to dig up old treasures for the British Museum and the Smithsonian Institution or to collect dinosaurs' eggs.

Old Bones in a Bog

It just happened that *Liberissima* and the Irish Free State were on speaking terms, diplomatically. So a Black Expedition was sent to dig up old bones in a bog.

It was then that the old women took to cursing and *Mickey* and his army took to the hills, for there was no telling on whom the old women's curses would finally descend. It may shock American mothers to know that *Mickey's* forces were armed with real service rifles and real cartridges and that they were engaged in combat with *General Patsy*, who had a machine-gun.

It should be explained, however, that the marksmanship on both sides was something less than deadly, and the chief sufferers of the warfare seem to have been the farmers on whom was levied the cost in kind of the combatant commissariats.

How *Mickey* escaped getting shot into the grave he had dug himself is not for the likes of this page to reveal. Lord Dunsany is subversive to law and order, one fears, for the reader is compelled to root hard for *Mickey's* delivery from the forces of the State.

He is a broth of a lad with no piffling notions of false modesty and if it might be too much to say there is a giggle in every page, at least there is a hearty laugh in every chapter, which is a high score, indeed, in these days of a literature devoted to the dreary troubles of a weary world.

* * *

Old Man Greenlaw. By Kenneth Payson Kempton. 303 pp. (New York: Farrar and Rinehart; $2.50.)

Mahlon Greenlaw was no better than he ought to be and he was not unaware of his vices. He used bad language upon occasion and he tippled the bottle of Tiger Lily, too, and somehow, the two things seemed to go together.

But mostly he was a good man with a shrewd head and a soft heart and in the end we are given to understand he is about to be elected captain of the fire company, which, in his snug Maine township, amounted to just about all that the townsfolk had to offer.

Indeed, the fire company actually determined the course of his middle years, for it was when the poor farm burned down that he found the woman *Bern* and took her to live in *Vance's* motor-boat in the shed until he could think up a better place. Then *Juny*, his wife, had one of her heart attacks and *Bern* came to live with them, to cook and tidy up.

After *Juny* died folks began to talk, so that *Mahlon* had words with the minister and got around to the purchase of a string of pink beads for the girl. But he got no further, for *Bern* fell in love with *Albro, Mahlon's* helper at the garage, and that was that.

Meandering Tale

The rest of the tale meandered pleasantly along until *Albro* went back to drink and got himself drowned with the Swede *Jorgenson*. It was too bad, for, at sixty-two, *Mahlon* had figured to return to the fisheries, let *Albro* run the garage, and enjoy his notion of a leisurely old age.

The town did call the power-boat he built *Greenlaw's Second Childhood*, but she was a sturdy craft; and those who fail to get a laugh from the building and the launching of the *Bern L.* might as well pass by this book—and all other books.

Mahlon simply refused to grow up and get rusty in the woful manner insisted upon by a jealous world. But *Mahlon* was more than a man of set ways which were good ways. Mr. Kempton has caught a breath of the authentic New England, which is not the Down East of Henry Adams or of the psychoanalysts or of "Desire Under the Elms," but a self-sufficient community, dwelling according to its lights, which would often be found no more intolerant and narrow than those of others, if the condescending summer boarders would only take the trouble to investigate.

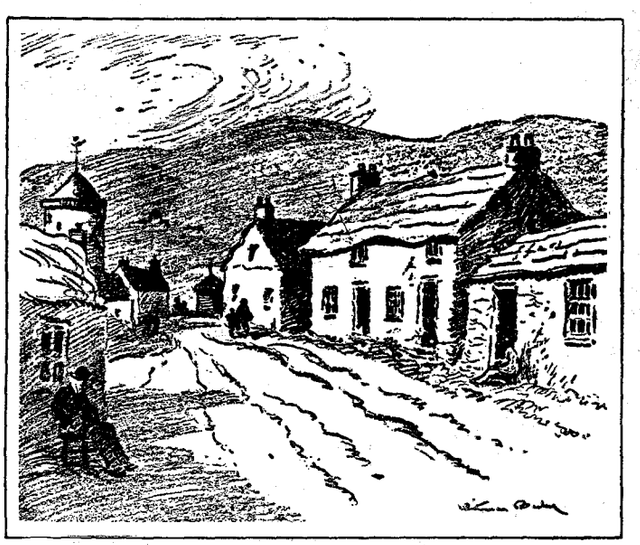
The story is a first novel of which it need not be said that it shows "promise." The promise is in the first chapter and the fulfilment in the last.

* * *

The Way of the Transgressor. By Negley Farson. 602 pp. (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company; $3.)

Fairly bursting with a he-man's need for adventure, Negley Farson has taken a bad leg all over the world, by palace liner and by twenty-six-foot yawl, by all manner of conveyance, in fact, and has looked upon things and places with the quick eye of an international correspondent.

In this book, he reveals that which he



Ireland and Maine: jacket designs for Dunsany's "Up in the Hills," and (right) *for "Old Man Greenlaw," by Kenneth Kempton*

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"I want to bring the children to your office, Doctor. They seem well, but it is time for another examination."

When do you see your Doctor?

IF YOU wait until sickness develops you are taking advantage of only part of your doctor's skill. Make him your Health Counsellor at all times—not only when you are ill, but when you are well. It is the modern way to take care of yourself.

See your doctor at regular intervals. He is familiar with the prevention of various diseases which were once regarded as almost unavoidable, and the control of others that less than forty years ago were often fatal.

Do you know the latest findings of medical science on such subjects as preventive inoculation and vaccination? Do you know that the heart and other organs should be carefully examined, after every attack of an infectious disease, to see whether or not they need temporary or continuing care to lessen the danger of lasting injury?

You and the other members of your family should have a regular and complete physical checkup. Unsuspected impairments, abnormalities, deformities and bad health habits may be discovered and corrected. There are certain conditions which do not produce immediate symptoms, but which will do so in the future if left uncorrected. Let your doctor advise you on matters of diet, rest and exercise.

The Metropolitan from time to time reports how physicians help people to prevent many diseases and ailments which afflict different age groups—Babyhood; Childhood; Adolescence; the Age of Maturity; the Prime of Life; and the Sunset Years.

The Metropolitan will be glad to mail free its booklet on health protection at all ages. Send for your copy of "Taking Your Bearings." Address Booklet Department 336-L.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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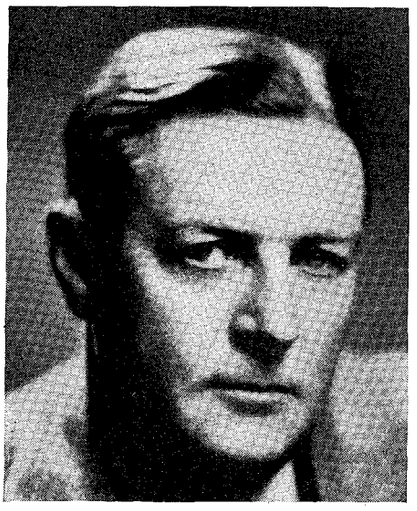

Negley Farson gives a newspaper man's own story in "The Way of the Transgressor"

has beheld with the dispassionate vision of the trained observer, bound to set down the black that is black, without the touches of white that make black things no worse than gray.

He had a brilliant training. Andover turned him loose for helping to duck in the lake the man that had snitched on his roommate, a romantic lad who had kissed a waitress.

At the University of Pennsylvania, after winning his letter in three sports, he fell in love with an actress in a day when actresses were not accorded a fond welcome by sedate families, so that he shook the dust of scholasticism from off his feet and came to New York, to sell oil.

Loser in Revolution

He had contracted the fevers of the wanderer and moved on to England and, thence, to Russia. There he watched the dead rot grow over the old Czarist régime. When Lenin attained power, he lost what he had been able to put by to keep the wolf from the door.

So in England he joined the Royal Air Force and in Egypt cracked up, getting the bad leg which was to make of the later years a career of adventures stolen between sojourns in the hospital. Abounding in energy, he got along and when he married Eve Stoker, had $500 in hard cash. With her he lived on and about a Western Canadian lake, killing their meat with gun and rod and banking out the extras in a fury of authorship.

He saw a friend shot down at his side in the Russian revolution; witnessed the arrest of Mahatma Gandhi; reported troubles in Egypt; and was in Berlin when Hitler took the saddle.

It is an intensely personal book, but, in the manner of Vincent Sheean's "Personal History," it arouses envy among those who do most of their traveling in the family car and all their sailing in a living-room easy chair.

Robust is the word to describe it; full-blooded, active and undiscouraged. Mr. Farson has lived for his book the life that Jack London and Richard Harding Davis were always making up, in novels.

Current Poetry

Unsolicited contributions to this department will not be returned. Unpublished poetry is not acceptable

DIRT ROADS

By Edwin Carlile Litsey

They hold a charm the concrete highways lack,
So homey-like, so leisurely they are;
Winding beside low hills, and looping back
To softly creep beside some pasture-bar.

Dirt roads were made for buggy wheels, and boys
To walk on barefoot, and for lines of geese,
The choiring meadow larks above them poise,
The cradling arms of twilight give them peace.

Their dusty beds are written like a scroll
Where Nature's children passed and left a sign;
With here and there a tiny water-hole
Where yellow butterflies drift down to dine.

Dusk comes to trail brown shadows through the air,
The humble wayside weeds grow moist with dew;
Couched in the road, his note a moaning prayer,
The whip-poor-will now sings the whole night through.

—*"The Filled Cup"* (The Standard Printing Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky).

CONVALESCENT

By Ethel Jacobson

Love, I swore,
With youthful zeal,
Was worth the pain
It made you feel.

A moment's ecstasy,
I thought,
Worth all the heartache
That it brought.

But, being older
Now, I find
I much prefer
My peace of mind.

—*New York American.*

TO THINK OF HOME

By Sarah Litsey

In that place, too, is evening,
Cool-hearted . . . . slow . . . .
Soft with the way of its shadows;
The kind of evening only children know
Blossomed with stars and faintly fringed with sleep
And still the tardy light along the west
And coolness rising from the grass—
And rest!

—*The Household Magazine.*

SUMMER STORM

By Elisabeth G. Van Tine

I knew a stillness once before a storm,
The lull of leaves spellbound against their will,
The point of time when wind and water form
And thunder murmurs far beyond the hill.
The heat hung over with suspended breath,
And bees forgot to bumble and complain;
The waiting world, as one awaiting death,
In silent prayer begged for a drop of rain.
I thought from out this moment there will be
Tumult, and torrent, call of frightened birds,
And afterwards life will not trouble me
With mystery and great unspoken words.
But the wind veered, and the clouds traveled west . . .
The heart-escaping storm shall never rest.

—*The American Mercury.*

THE IRISH CAPTAIN'S SON

By Beulah May

A dark boy dreams in an Irish house
Hidden away in the glen,
In his hands a scrawl from the seaman's chest
Bringing the past again.
"Lost in a storm off the Malay Coast;
The *Parrot* and fifty men."

A clumsy ship with her white sails spread
That traded with cities afar,
Forbidden ports in far Cathay
And the frozen lands of the Czar,
The steaming jungles of old Siam,
Tunis, and Malabar.

Then the wild monsoon that gathered and sprung,
Tossing her high on a reef,
Till the white bird sank with a crippled wing,
Faster than all belief
With the hopes and passions of fifty men,
A crying out and a grief.

This was how his father had gone:
He sailed on a ship and he died.
Nothing was left but a cairn in the hills
With an ogham etched in its side.
He went to his doom in the China Sea
And he drifted out with the tide.

He went to his doom, but he sank with his ship,
And that was a tale to be told.
"A finer thing," thought the dark-eyed lad,
"Than to last till your blood is cold.
I too will sail out on the China Sea
And I'll never live to be old."

—*The Step Ladder.*

WHO NEVER IN THE GRASS LIES DOWN

By Maurine Halliburton

Who never in the grass lies down
To feel the sod against his cheek,
Upon whose eye the close-pressed town
Is photographed week after week.

For whom no windflower lifts its face
Nor any rustic violet,
Who never built a garden-place
Nor trimmed a path with mignonette,

Who rarely sees the stars at night
And the horizon never sees,—
His world is much too close and tight. . . .
It smothers him by slow degrees.

—*Kaleidograph.*

Edwin Carlile Litsey, banker, has written ten books: eight fiction, two poetry

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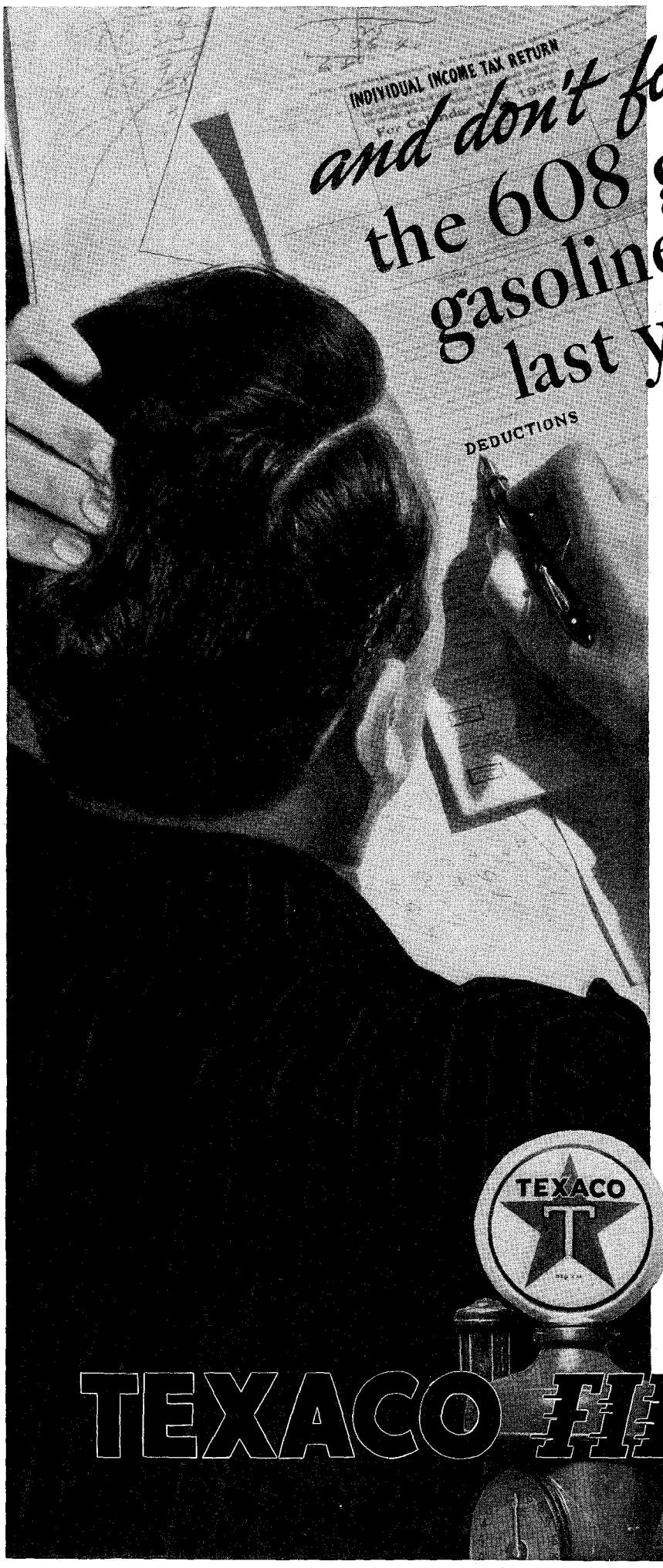

and don't forget the 608 gallons of gasoline you bought last year

REMEMBER *in filing your Income Tax Return to inquire if you paid any State taxes on your* 1935 *gasoline purchases that are deductible.*

• • •

Remember, too, that this year you'll buy another 608 *gallons. That's a business-size order. It deserves business-like consideration.*

• • •

It takes a great deal more than guesswork to make the country's leading bus lines and airlines decide what gasoline *they'll* use.

They believe that the size of their orders entitles them to the true *facts* about the gasoline they buy.

The Texas Company believes that all motorists . . . even those who use only the national average of 608 gallons of gasoline a year . . . also deserve to know these sincere facts about Fire-Chief:

Purposely developed as an emergency grade gasoline, Fire-Chief meets the Federal specifications* for *emergency* vehicles. Yet it sells today at *regular* prices.

Tourists carried the demand for Fire-Chief into all 48 States. Surveys indicate that more tourists prefer it than any other gasoline.

The bus companies compete each year in a national contest for "efficiency in maintenance." The first-prize winners for the last six years have been users of Texaco products.

You've probably seen a Texaco station or dealer in your very neighborhood. There are more than 40,000 from coast to coast.

Next time you need gasoline, try a tankful of Texaco Fire-Chief. Let these facts about it speak for themselves in your car.

*Federal Specification VV-M-571 for Emergency Motor Fuel.

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF

TUNE IN ON THE *FIRE-CHIEF* PROGRAM

Direct from New York Hippodrome.

TUESDAY EVENINGS AT 9:30 E. S. T.

Coast-to-Coast over N. B. C. Network.

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Tracing "Life-Force" to Electricity

Doctor Crile, Conqueror of Surgical Shock, Announces That Radiation and Electricity Are What Make Us Live

One day back in 1887, a young medical student was carried into University Hospital, Cleveland, in a pitiful state.

Both of his legs had been crushed by the wheels of a street car.

Hastily a group of doctors and nurses set to work to save his life. Among them was a friend of the victim, a young interne who had joined the hospital staff only the day before.

In the words of that interne—now older and internationally famous—the patient "was perspiring, his face was pale and drawn, his respiration was hurried, his pulse soft and slow. It became my duty to administer chloroform while Dr. Frank J. Weed performed an amputation. . . .

"Following the operation, the patient exhibited a shrunken countenance, a rapid, feeble, failing pulse, pallor, cold sweat, sighing respiration, restlessness, semiconsciousness.

Inexplicable Phenomena

"I attended him through the night and noted his steadily failing faculties and deepening depression. In the early morning he died. This was the first death I had ever witnessed.

"The post-mortem showed all the organs and tissues to be normal in structure. On the known morphologic basis of his organs, *per se* [he] was not dead.

"During the night I had made notes on the inexplicable phenomena of this failing mechanism. What was it that was failing? What was it that this young medical student possessed up to the moment of his accident that he lost by reason of the crushing of his limbs without material loss of blood; and why was the treatment for shock that was applied all through the night of no benefit?"

Those questions started the young interne on a quest for the secret of life, a forty-nine-year search during which he has become one of the best known surgeons in America.

This week, Dr. George Washington Crile, Director of the famous Cleveland Clinic, gives the conclusions of his long study in a new book, "The Phenomena of Life" (W. W. Norton & Company: New York), from which the quotations above are taken.

For generations, until physiologists and chemists disproved it, many people believed in a mysterious "vital force." What happened in living cells was supposed to be managed by this force, and life was thought to be something operating outside the ordinary laws of chemistry and physics.

One by one, chemists have been duplicating the activities of living matter, but mysteries enough still exist. What power governs the chorus of cell activities, managing them in harmonious unison, as an orchestra conductor manages his musicians, is still unknown.

Theory Offered

Doctor Crile now proposes a theory in which he finds the "vital force" to be radiation and electricity.

Since the day he started out to ascertain why his young friend died, he has performed many experiments, some gruesome, not a few tedious.

He found that shock—a very real menace, as every surgeon knows—is not caused by failure of the heart, arteries, or any changes in the blood or its circulation, or in any of the organs except the brain, the liver, and the cortex, or bark, of the adrenal glands.

Extensive changes in the cells of these organs were caused by shock, excessive fear, and exhaustion.

In a sense, it is as if injury to a part of the body, or sometimes only extreme fear of such injury, causes the brain cells associated with the part to swell up and disintegrate—to "explode."

This discovery enabled Doctor Crile, just before the War, to invent his famous "nerve block" anesthesia, which conquered surgical shock and won him international honors.

He found that general anesthesia, such as is produced by ether or chloroform, does not prevent the transmission of shock impulses to the brain, even if the patient is unconscious. But if the trunk nerves are blocked off by cocaine or other nerve deadeners, the impulses are stopped, and the patient does not develop the deadly surgical shock.

But the main question—what is life, was still unsolved. During the War, Doctor Crile served in France, as commander of a hospital unit. Upon his return, with three other physicians who had seen service, he organized the Cleveland Clinic.

Some years earlier he had observed that living cells are like tiny electric batteries. The whole cell is surrounded by a wall of fatty material, lipoid, which does not transmit electricity.

Clue Followed

With this as a clue, Doctor Crile and his associates at the Clinic were able to produce, out of salts and sterile brain proteins, artificial "cells" which exhibited many of the phenomena that living cells do. They breathed, grew, divided, and were affected by anesthetics and adrenalin. However, they were not really alive. They were only models of living cells.

Doctor Crile studied another phenomenon. Living cells appear to give off radiation. He found that he could intensify that light enough to photograph it.

This light, he believes, is emitted when cells break down nitrogen compounds.

The original source of these compounds is the nitrogen of the air, made chemically active with the aid of lightning, and then built up into proteins through energy taken from the sun by plants.

Therefore, says Doctor Crile, the light given off by living cells is really "sunlight" and "lightning" escaping again after long imprisonment.

Physics Enlisted

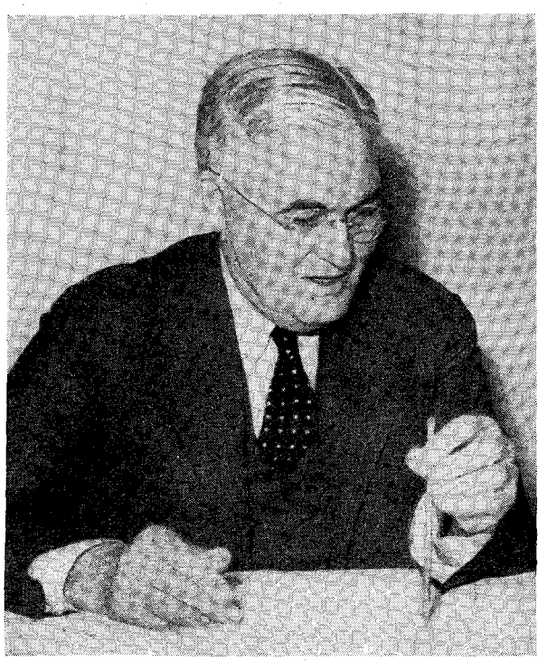
"Thus we . . . arrive at the conception that not only this or that but every phenomenon of life can be identified in the terms of physics and can be explained in the light of a Radio-Electric Theory," writes Doctor Crile in his new book.

Hostile critics may say that this theory for the most part rephrases, in somewhat vague terms and figures of speech, what has already long been known, but to Doctor Crile it represents a complete, new solution to an age-old problem.

Three weeks ago he returned from a vacation abroad, which included hunting in Africa. He brought back for study glands of 200 animals, ranging from a field-mouse to a wild elephant. At the pier he snarled a bit at reporters when they asked for details of his trip, but admitted that he shot the elephant himself.

He is an ardent hunter, despite his seventy-one years.

A few years ago he invented the Crile shot for lion hunters. He found that a lion shot through the heart, can still charge for several hundred feet. But when the shot shatters the pneumogastric nerve, in the shoulder, the animal is stopped dead in its tracks.



Wide World

Dr. George Washington Crile: he finds the "vital force" to be radiation and electricity

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Depressions Plagued Babylonia, Too

Thousands of Clay Tablets, Now Being Decoded, Reveal High Taxes, Women in Industry, and Inflation Are Old Problems

Two thousand five hundred years ago, in her fertile valley at the head of the Persian Gulf, Babylon stood in all her splendor.

Yet, splendor or no, depressions, high taxes, and inflation plagued her people, and set scribes busy recording the results.

Under the direction of youthful, slender Dr. John Albert Wilson, patient archeologists of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago are busy decoding the thousands of clay tablets the scribes left. When the work is finished, Doctor Wilson said last week, more will be known about the economic history of Babylonia throughout 3,000 years of her history than about any period since.

So far, the archeologists have found that, economically at least, there's nothing new under the sun. After four years of work, they have made a complete history of the period between 600 and 400 B.C.

They discovered that the Babylonians experienced a sharp rise in prices in 539 B.C., after the Persians had conquered the country. The conquerors levied heavy taxes. The price of farm-lands rose abruptly. Farmers, unable to pay, lost their property, much of it being turned over eventually to grazing.

But city rents went up even faster than the price of farm-lands. City prices kited. The conquerors hoarded the precious metals, meanwhile exacting more and more money from the people, until the resulting inflation all but bankrupted the country.

Directly in charge of the work of compiling an economic history of Babylonia is Dr. Waldo Dubberstein. He has been at it since 1931, beginning with a painstaking reconstruction of Elamite, Assyrian, and Aramaic dictionaries to permit translations of the ancient documents. About 29,000 tablets found by the Oriental Institute in Babylonia are still to be translated.

Fragmentary History

Fragments of history amazingly detailed are being pieced together by Doctor Dubberstein. The stories of the great banking families of 3,000 years ago are being worked out. The trouble caused by women working in industry, and how they were replaced by slaves, is revealed. Charts like those in a Wall Street broker's office are being made, showing the relative changes in the prices of foods and other commodities.

The thirty-century story of the Babylonians, all but lost in the dust of time, is only one of the histories of civilization's dawn being brought to light by the Oriental Institute. It is the largest organization in existence for salvaging ancient records.

Launched in 1919 with a gift from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., it has sent twenty-six scientific expeditions into the "fertile crescent" of Asia Minor and Egypt, where civilization was born. Eight expeditions are now in the field.

"The Oriental Institute . . . endeavors to trace the course of human development from the merely physical man . . . to the rise and early advance of civilized societies," explains a report recently published.

"A generation of archeological research has dispelled all doubts as to the scene of this evolution, which is now recognized as having been the ancient Near East, the region folded like a horseshoe around the eastern end of the Mediterranean.

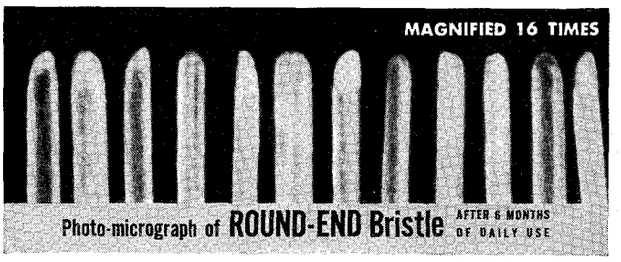
"The ancient lands of this region to-day constitute an almost inexhaustible storehouse filled with perishing and still unsalvaged evidences disclosing early human development. . . . The Institute is endeavoring to salvage the original evidence for the compilation of a new and fuller history of civilization."

When its founder, Dr. James Henry Breasted, died last November, his thirty-six-year-old student, Doctor Wilson, was named acting Director of the Institute. He is to become Director in June, and now is laying plans for continuation of the work.

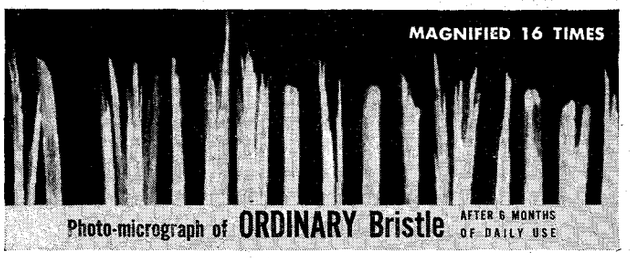
Doctor Wilson is a hearty, adventurous young man who has no hesitation about swinging a shovel himself in any archeological expedition, and has often done so. He translates hieroglyphics for relaxation, but he likes detective stories, too.

MICROSCOPES DON'T LIE

so you can see that these bristles



must be gentler to the gums



than these

HERE is a tooth brush improvement so startling, so revolutionary, that it is almost unbelievable. Hence you may well doubt claims about it. But you can't help believing your eyes.

The photographs at left were made through high-power microscopes. They prove that Round-End Bristle *must be gentler* to the gums and sensitive mouth tissues.

This patented improvement is exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Buy one, and brush your gums with bristle-ends that are as round and smooth as fingertips, instead of sharp and scratchy as broom-straws. Thus you learn in your own mouth how much more soothing, how much more thorough, this modern tooth brush is.

Whether you prefer a small or a large brush, you will surely like one of these four sizes. All have Round-End Bristle. In order of size, starting with the smallest, they are: *Child's*, 25¢. *Youth's*, 35¢. *Small Type for Adults*, 50¢. *Regular Adult*, 50¢. Guaranteed to satisfy or your money refunded.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY
Florence, Massachusetts

Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH

No other has ROUND-END Bristle

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Bark of Trees Frosting Cakes

Pigs Fattening on Sawdust as Germany Moves to Self-Containment; Her Striving Chemists Producing Synthetic Marvels

Keystone

Dr. Friedrich Bergius, pioneer in the German industry of synthetic products

In the last five years a blunt, bald German scientist has made it possible for his nation's people to eat tree-bark and waste wood, to ride in motor-cars fueled and glassed in with the by-products of cheap coal.

His dream is to make the nation self-sufficient on the meanest, crudest, and most inexhaustible raw materials available.

In 1931, Dr. Friedrich Bergius received half of the Nobel Prize in chemistry for his demonstration that gasoline could be made from coal and heavy oil. His hydrogenation process is now extensively used in Germany and England, where the coal method is popular. Heavy oil and refinery waste is the preferred method in the United States.

Ambitions Refired

Doctor Bergius's findings have stimulated other German chemists. His own ambitions have been refired. The success thus far, some of it remarkable, is looked upon by the Reich's chemists as merely a beginning. They are receiving every encouragement from a Government which insists that Germany be entirely on its own, able to feed, clothe, motorize, and sustain itself within its own borders.

Chancellor Adolf Hitler recently announced another "victory" for his chemists: the perfection of synthetic rubber "better than the natural kind." Almost coincidentally, Doctor Bergius, describing a new factory at Mannheim-Rheinau, announced the manufacture of sugar from waste wood, plus proof that alcohol, vinegar, animal foods, and motor-fuel could be got from the same mean source.

"By the new process the German people will henceforth be able to make cake-frosting from tree-bark," declares Charles E. Hewitt, Jr., in *Popular Mechanics Magazine,* "fatten their pigs on succulent meals of sawdust, pour resin on their salads, and fill their gas-tanks with old twigs and branches.

"Bergius's 'wood-sugar' differs in no physical characteristics, including taste and nutritive value, from the sugar now obtained throughout the world from sugar beets and sugar cane. Though 'artificially produced,' the new sweet has nothing in common with non-nutritive, highly concentrated 'saccharine' developed during the World War. . . .

Precious Waste

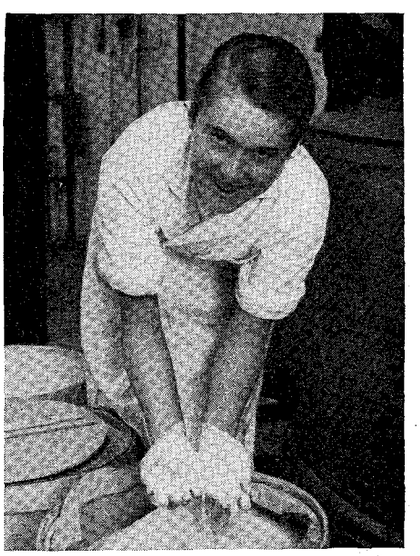
"For alcohol, sugar, vinegar, and fodder are obtained from a source which for practical purposes is quite as inexhaustible and which has hitherto been considered useless—waste wood. This literally means scrapings from wood-working, branches pruned from fire-wood, ordinary sawdust, plane-shavings and similar waste."

These achievements only begin to tell the story of the triumphs of German chemists, Mr. Hewitt explains.

"From the cheapest variety of coal the German dye trust has placed on this year's market cups and saucers, radio cases, magnifying glasses, 'amber' cigarette-holders and beads, and even shatterproof windows for omnibuses. . . . The basic new product, 'Kunst Harz,' or artificial resin, can be substituted in thousands of ways for wood, metal, ivory, horn, porcelain, and even for glass.

"Not only is Germany already preparing to breakfast, lunch, and dine on her forests, but she actually has begun to use her coal for jewelry and windows."

There is less enthusiasm over the "discovery" of synthetic rubber. It has been made in the United States for several years and there are at least four kinds on the market. J. W. Schade, Director of Research for the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, has expressed doubt that the German synthetic rubber, made of lime and coke, is any better than the real kind.



Exclusive From European

In the Bergius factory: one stage in the process of making wood palatable

He Gave the World Pictures

In a second-story room of a house in Philadelphia—amid tables covered with notes and chemicals and walls hung thick with photographs, a little old man celebrated his eightieth birthday last week, pottering amiably with an invention he believes is about to bring color photography into the hands of every snap-shot artist in the country.

The name of this man is almost unknown, even to persons in the printing, engraving, and photographic professions. Yet, had it not been for an invention he made sixty years ago, the photographs in this magazine might not be published, half-tones in newspapers might be unknown, and engravings or wood-block pictures might still decorate the pages of all publications, as in the quaint old days of last century.

He is Frederick Eugene Ives, inventor of the half-tone engraving process.

"Ives established himself at Cornell in 1874 as the University's first full-time photographer," recounted Waldemar Kaempffert in the New York *Times.*

Developed in Attic

"Out of Ives's work came the half-tone process. As he developed it in an attic near Cornell, the process began with the ruling of very fine parallel lines on two plates of glass. When the plates were properly brought together, one set of lines crossed the other to form an exceedingly fine network or screen, consisting of minute square or diamond-shaped areas.

"A picture was photographed through this screen and transferred to copper or zinc. An acid bath gnawed away the highlights—the higher lights more than the lower. Thus were 'half-tones' as well as all other gradations of light obtained."

Mr. Ives never patented the process because the firm that first employed it was afraid the idea would be copied. The secret leaked out anyhow, and an invention worth millions brought not a cent to its originator.

"One of the first specimens of Mr. Ives's [earliest] reproducing process appeared in *Godey's Lady's Book* in 1881," reports Science Service, "and by 1886 the improved half-tone screen made its appearance. Not only did the introduction of the half-tone process make photographic reproduction possible in newspapers, but it revolutionized the printing of dailies, since dry, instead of wet, paper was used, and a better ink was necessary."

For years Mr. Ives worked on the problem of color photography, and he has devised a method that can be used by amateurs. The new color photography system is fully covered by patents, yet he gives it away to enthusiastic amateurs, making no charge except for materials.

"Maybe I could make a lot of money with it," he explained wistfully to reporters on his birthday, "but—well, it's fun to help people who share my enthusiasm for color."

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National Defense

Fending Air Attacks

Experts Outline Protection of America in Modern Warfare

In 1920, when Maj. Oscar Westover, U. S. A., took to the air at thirty-seven, military aviation was something of an *Orphan Annie* to the Army's hidebound brass hats.

Choleric colonels remained unconvinced, despite aviation's flashy fighting in French skies, that the new-fangled Air Service was a worth-while branch for the up-and-coming officer with visions of a reputation.

To-day, some of those colonels are retired, others still are colonels in the older branches of the Army, but the Major of 1920 is Maj. Gen. Oscar Westover, Chief of Air Corps, and one of the best Army pilots.

He is one of three or four Air Corps officers holding every Army pilot-rating—Balloon Observer, Airship Pilot, Aerial Observer, and Airplane Pilot.

At fifty-two, General Westover still is physically fit—very much so; he walks a lot, golfs, and does setting-up exercises. He is short—about five feet six—stockily built with square shoulders, and has a striking, tanned face. Below his unusually high forehead, his clear, dark-brown, deep-set eyes look out steadily. His straight, thinning hair is graying at the temples, and is parted in the middle.

Level-Headed Decisiveness

He has a name in the Army for level-headed decisions. Extremely thorough about everything he does, he never has been known to go off half-cocked when he encounters progressive ideas.

Rather, he will insist on going into all ramifications of a defense-plan.

Accordingly, if Senators wish to know intimate aviation details of the War Department's 1937 appropriations bill, now before the upper House, General Westover will have them at his finger-tips.

For an Army officer who deals with endless technical facts, he has a surprizing amount of imagination, which he is quite able to express on paper. In the current *Air Corps News-Letter* he writes:

"The principa' basis for defense against air attack is the network of civil air-ports, extending into the strategic areas of the continental United States. The adequacy of these air-ports to support the operation of our own defensive forces will largely determine effectiveness of the defense.

Effective Targets

"An enemy thwarted in his efforts to secure results in attacks against our air establishments may turn to other targets more easily located, and offering greater return. Among such targets are aircraft and munitions factories, water-supply, gasoline-storages, railroad tunnels and bridges, and electric power-plants. . . .

"These considerations may arouse in the minds of civilians thoughts of the possible consequences to them of a serious air attack. It is true that, due to our more isolated

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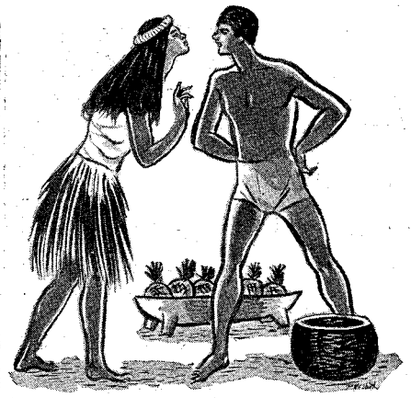

Hawaiian Customs

No kissing here before Capt. Cook landed at Waimea, January 18, 1778. Rubbing noses, laudable substitute, instead existed. Old customs go. New arrive. And now visitors may be greeted with hospitable glasses of refreshing pineapple juice; they will find it far more delightful than earlier customs.

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Keystone

Maj. Gen. Oscar Westover, Chief of Air Corps, in flying togs, but at work

position, the extreme measures which we read are being resorted to abroad to secure adequate protection from air attack, may not be demanded in our own case.

"However, a certain amount of training of the civilian population as to the nature of aircraft attack, and as to the available means of defense against same, may greatly minimize the effects of such air attacks.

"At this point the trained student of military affairs will pause in despair at the vision of the passive defensive measures which may possibly be demanded by the hundreds of cities open to air attack. This vision includes hundreds of set-ups of expensive antiaircraft guns and machine-guns, barrage-balloons, smoke-laying airplanes, bomb- and gas-proof shelters, vast alarm and communication systems, and millions of gas-masks.

"The impracticability of providing these passive defense-measures on such a huge scale suggests a turn to the consideration of the offensive form of defense.

"In the first place, if we possess an adequate number of aircraft for our defense, the enemy attacks are more apt to be directed against air-bases than against cities, since one of the most important principles of war is that an enemy's main force is the principal objective.

"We require a system wherein soldiers, not civilians, will bear the brunt of the enemy's fire. We should avoid an unbalanced air-defense having too many purely defensive features, and too few offensive powers."

In a nutshell, General Westover would tell Congressmen discussing aviation appropriations:

"Develop a defense-system in which the principal reliance is placed upon our own aircraft to destroy the enemy attacking forces."

Scheduled Strength

By June 30, 1936, he would point out, there will be 1,257 air-planes in the Army Air Corps. This includes 777 on hand, and 480 ordered. The pending War Department appropriations bill asks 565 planes, and $45,540,177 for the Corps.

By 1940, General Westover thinks there should be 2,320 Army planes. The new Chief of the Air Corps is most anxious to develop the air-defenses to the limit. And, for every ship in the air, he insists on having a ground-crew of thirty, to keep fighting planes in tip-top order.

An inquiry commission headed by Newton D. Baker, ex-Secretary of War, in 1934 urged a maximum of 2,320 air-planes for the Army.

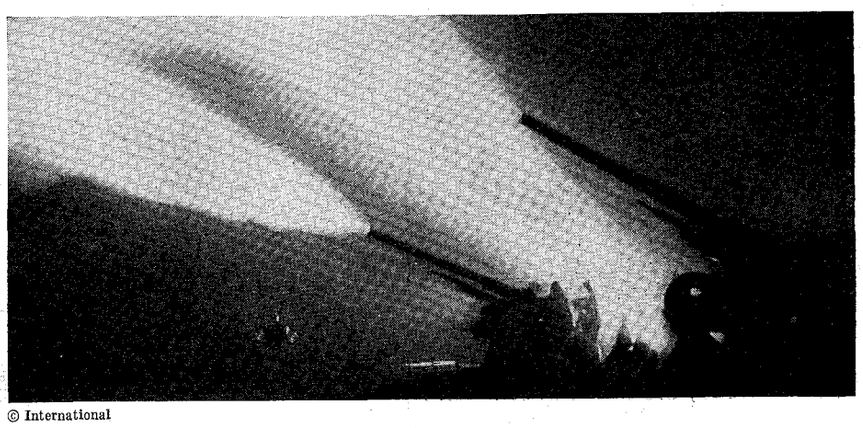
Yet, there are those in Congress who would exceed the Baker Board's 2,320 planes by 1940. Representative John J. McSwain, South Carolina Democrat, Chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, declares:

"Before 1938, I hope we shall have authorization not only for what the Baker Board recommended, but for what, in my humble judgment, we ought to have, to wit, 4,000 planes."

In an *Illinois Journal of Commerce* article, A. S. Dudley, Chairman of the National Air Defense Frontier Association, warns (tho others would dispute his argument):

"We, of the United States, have felt secure from foreign invasion by reason of the vast stretches of ocean on the East and on the West, and still further protected by a friendly nation to the North. Long-range fighting aircraft has suddenly wiped out this natural defense.

"No power that we might develop upon sea or land could stop an aircraft mission of destruction directed from a foreign land at our centers of industry. It would take but a few of the modern bombing-air-ships, in squadron formation, to cripple the water-supply and the rail and highway transportation systems of our great metropolitan centers." •



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Miss Gildersleeve: Dean 25 Years

Modern, Wise, and Intellectual, Barnard Official is Good Executive; She Hopes Some Day to Find a Carthaginian Penny

Wide World

Dean Gildersleeve: she has enough caps and gowns to fill a closet

Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve, who last week celebrated her silver jubilee as Dean of Barnard College, New York, is a thoroughly modern woman—poised, conservative, highly intelligent.

Born in New York City, October 3, 1877, she would pass for forty-five, with her dark, wavy, brown hair, which she wears in a short, mannish bob, her swift stride, her facility for sports, her eagerness for living.

About five feet eight tall, her straight figure has a dignity which becomes her position; but she can relax, as witness her fondness for deck-tennis. She plays in the gymnasium or on a court outside her home, "The Deanery."

Book-Lined Home

This is in the college, a comfortable apartment, the living room filled with many chairs and soft lamps. It is lined with books. She runs her home as effectively as she runs the college.

With enough caps and gowns to fill an ordinary New York apartment closet, she is a Ph.D., a Litt.D., and an LL.D. She received her first degree, B.A., at the college of which she is now Dean. She knows the problems of her college from both sides of her desk. Before becoming Dean she was an instructor in English.

She dresses in quiet good taste with a leaning toward darker colors, preferably brown. She smokes an occasional cigarette and likes a glass of claret with her meals. A vigorous Independent Democrat, she takes an active interest in national and international affairs.

"Every one knows that the dean is a good executive, a magnificent speaker, a wise woman, an intellectual," Alice Duer Miller has written of her in *This Week*, "but not every one knows she can lose her temper over examples of stupidity and spite, and that, therefore, her tact and calm are the more to be admired, since they are achieved and not wholly innate."

She, herself, is inclined to deprecate that. To a LITERARY DIGEST representative she said: "I never had to try for anything in my life. My father sent me to college and after that everything fell into my lap."

Perfection always is her goal. When she was a student she was dissatisfied unless she received an "A" rating on every paper.

She is admired and liked by both the faculty and students.

Her greatest hobby is archeology. Were it not for her present work she would like to pass her life among the ruins of some ancient temple. As it is, she picks up tale-telling stones on old Roman roads near the cottage of a friend in Sussex, England, on her summer vacations. She hopes some day to find a Carthaginian penny.

She likes books on polar exploration and is very fond of dogs. Her cairn-terrier, Culag Beag, which is Gaelic for Little Dog, is her constant companion and has become something of a college institution.

When Miss Gildersleeve is unable to exercise Culag herself she hires a student to do so—at 50 cents an hour. Dog-walkers are required to conform to nine written rules.

Successful Defender of TVA

Whatever fame he has achieved; whatever further fame may come to him, John Lord O'Brian will be remembered in political and legal circles as the man who successfully defended TVA before the United States Supreme Court.

There was something of irony in this Democratic victory. John Lord O'Brian, special counsel for TVA, is a stanch Republican, a Hoover Republican at that.

Lemuel Parton, noted writer, in a Consolidated News Features, Inc., copyrighted article says of him.

"It was the non-conformist mind of Mr. O'Brian that thought up for the Administration the strategy which is credited to a large degree with the thumping triumph before the Supreme Court. White House spokesmen may blush and swallow hard when this is brought up, but it is true just the same."

A man of smallish-medium build, bald and graying, Mr. O'Brian was born in Buffalo on October 14, 1871. He has maintained a home there ever since.

He was graduated from Harvard with an A.B. in 1896, obtained his LL.B. at the University of Buffalo in 1898, and immediately started to practise law.

His rise since has been steady and sure: United States Attorney for the Western District of New York, War-time special assistant to the United States Attorney General in espionage cases, in and out of the Department of Justice since 1914, usually as a special "trust buster."

And now, David Lawrence in a dispatch from Washington comments on him:

"The TVA decision marks the beginning of the end of the 'brain trust' lawyers.

"For the New Deal won because it hired as special counsel a man who knew the law and the Constitution, and he was invited into the case notwithstanding the fact that he was a Republican and an appointee of President Hoover."

He is a likable, somewhat self-effacing person, with his round face, warm, engaging smile, and sparkling, shrewd eyes that gleam through trim "goggle glasses."

A "Fair" Man

Mature, mellow, cultured, he dresses conservatively. Usually a spotless linen handkerchief peeks out of the breast pocket of his coat. His manner is straightforward and candid. He is known as a "fair" man: he will not take questionable advantage of an opponent. And he is thorough.

Before the United States Supreme Court he is known as one of the few who can be depended upon to present a completely rounded-out case.

When arguing he never gets flustered and is never caught napping. He served as a member of the State Assembly when Charles Evans Hughes was Governor of New York.

He is a great admirer of former President Theodore Roosevelt.

Reading appeals to him—chiefly biographies. So do congenial dinner parties where he likes to tell humorous stories about his profession. Occasionally he goes to a movie. He is fond of walking, but does not care for sports.

Ironically, particularly now, he hates being in the spotlight.

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John Lord O'Brian, Republican, helped win the TVA decision for the New Deal

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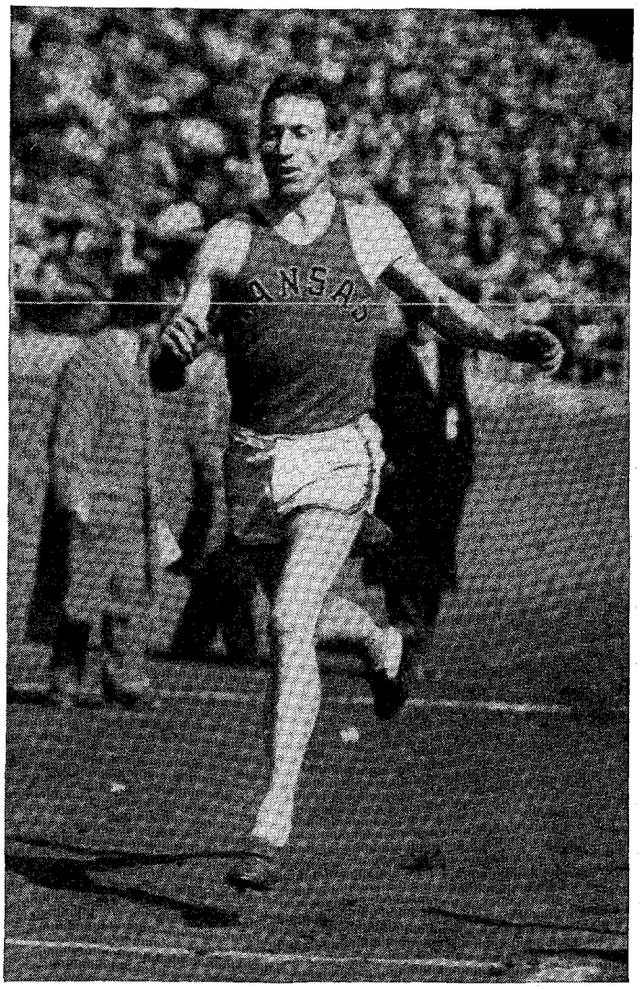
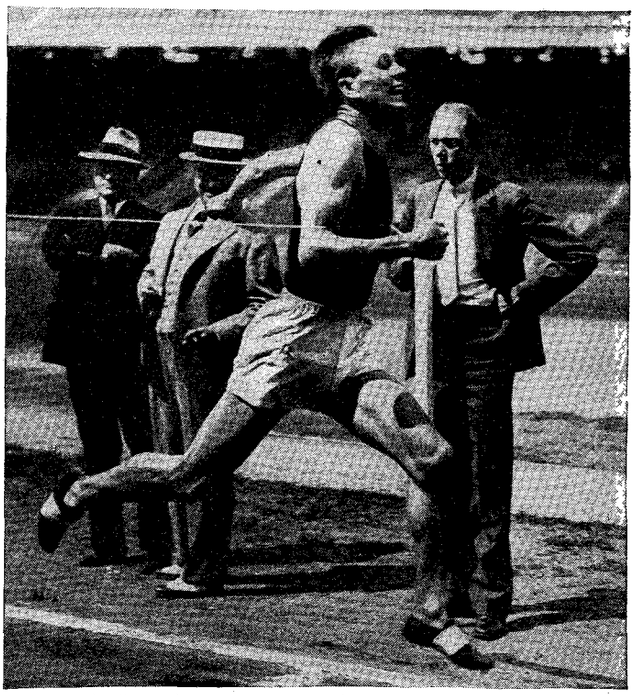
Three Men Against a Clock



Acme

Glenn Cunningham: Despite several 1936 trimmings, on indoor tracks, his 4:6.7 mile outdoors keeps him at top of world's milers



Wide World

Gene Venzke: His 3:49.9 at the A.A.U. meet last week set a new world indoor mark for the 1,500-meters

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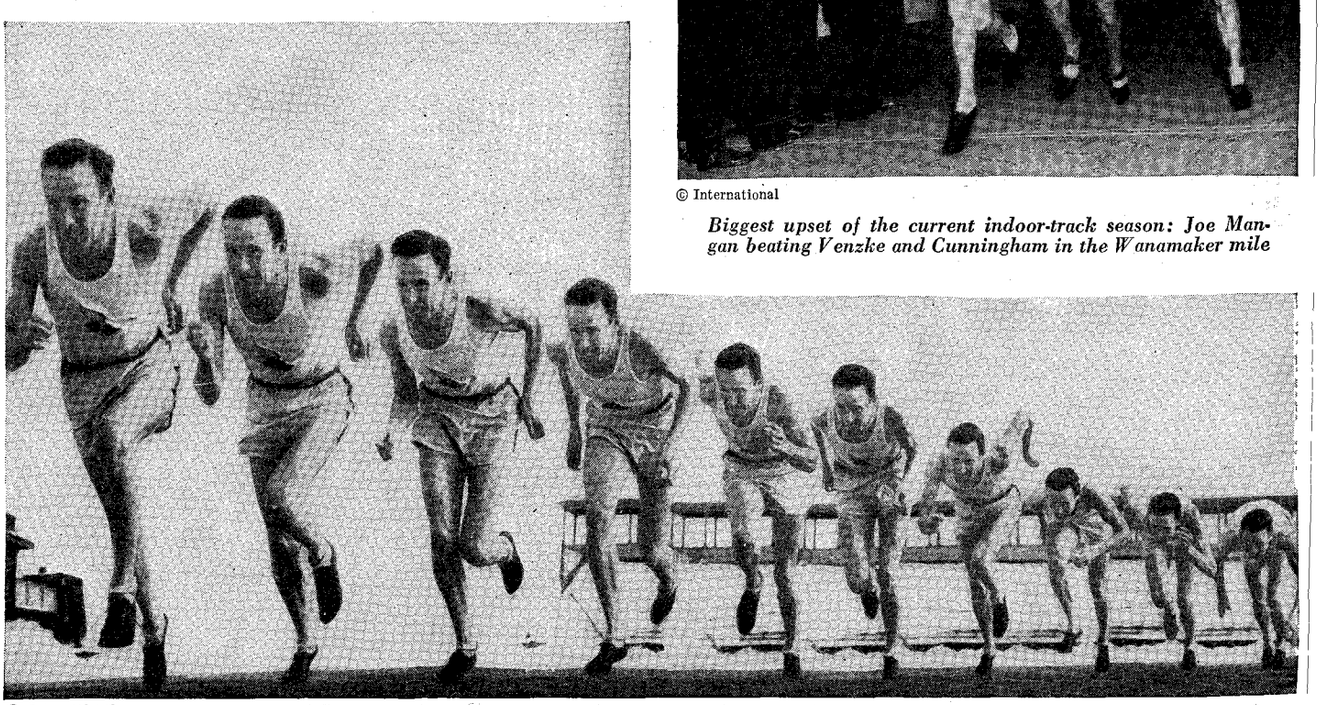
Biggest upset of the current indoor-track season: Joe Mangan beating Venzke and Cunningham in the Wanamaker mile



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Joe Mangan, caught by "magic-eye camera." He won the I.C.A.A.A.A. outdoor mile title in 1932 and set American outdoor marks for two miles in 1933 and for three-quarters of a mile last year. This year he replaces Bill Bonthron in the trio of leading American milers

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Gene Venzke: Ex-Shadow

Penn's Brilliant Miler Continues Remarkable Comeback by Shattering World Record, Beating Cunningham in A.A.U. 1,500 meters

No track event has had more ballyhoo in recent years than the mile and its metric equivalent, the 1,500-meters. Despite brilliant, record-splintering performances in the sprints, pole-vault, and the thousand yards, the mile continues to be the feature event of important track meets.

Chiefly responsible for the exploitation of the mile and the 1,500-meters have been such runners as Bill Bonthron, Glenn Cunningham, Jack Lovelock, and Gene Venzke, whose duels over the last few years have splashed red paint over the record-books. Joe Mangan, Cornell law student, popped into prominence as a miler this year by his spectacular victory over Venzke and Cunningham in the Millrose games in New York at the beginning of the 1936 indoor season this month.

Cunningham continues to hold the indoor and outdoor world records for the mile with marks of 4:8.4 and 4:6.7, respectively. Bonthron's 3:48.8 is the world-record time for the 1,500-meters outdoors.

Record Cracked

Last week Venzke cracked Cunningham's world indoor record for the 1,500-meters at the national indoor Amateur Athletic Union championships in New York by six-tenths of a second, winning in the remarkable time of 3:49.9.

"It was a grand job," Arthur J. Daley wrote in the New York *Times*, "for this was a Cunningham race, run along a Cunningham pattern and under Cunningham control. Made to order for the burly Kansan with its sizzling pace, its two-minute first half-mile and its furious headlong drive throughout, Venzke, nevertheless, took matters all in stride and turned them to fit his own ends.

"The power-house from the Corn Belt ran the race that way to take the sting from the Pennsylvanian's sprint and blunt the fierce edge of his rapier-like finishing drive. He gave everything he had, broke the world's record himself, and still was beaten. For Cunningham himself was timed in 3:50.1, four-tenths under his own universal figure, but it wasn't enough."

Cunningham led for all but the first lap, set a furious pace, and watched Venzke glide past him a burning thirty yards in front of the red tape. It was Venzke's first national title in three years and his first indoor record in four. No longer is he Cunningham's shadow. Mangan, recovering from a cold, did not run.

Why he has been able to stage his 1936 comeback after trailing Cunningham and Bonthron almost continually since 1932, Venzke explained to George Trevor of the New York *Sun:*

"I'm no faster than I was last year, but I'm a lot stronger . . . have more endurance to draw upon when the pressure is applied. Hoodoos and jinxes never bothered me. I used to lose because I didn't have the reserve energy needed for a strong finish.

"Now I seem to have recovered the drive I had back in 1932 when I ran that 4:10 mile. It's a matter of physical condition and tactics. I follow pace now, instead of setting it, and time my spurt at the end."

Mangan's best indoor mile this season was the 4:11 that beat Venzke and Cunningham in the Millrose games. Venzke, having staged a genuine comeback (he beat Cunningham in the Baxter Mile February 15), is the outstanding American miler of the current season.

As for Cunningham, Trevor said of him in the *Sun:* "He is haggard and drawn . . . his racing edge is dulled and the old lift is gone. He looked like a beached mackerel at the finish of the Baxter Mile."

Little Horse, Big Purse

No thoroughbred horse ever has equaled the all-time earnings of Sun Beau, which earned $376,744 after five years of brilliant racing. Only five others have earned more than $300,000. Not many more than 100 American horses have earned more than $100,000.

The richest purse offered at any race-track in the world is the $100,000 "Added" of the Santa Anita Handicap. Any horse that can win the race, which was run in Southern California last Saturday, takes a flying leap after Sun Beau's record.

One of the smallest horses running on American tracks to-day is A. A. Baroni's gallant little Top Row, which last year twice beat the champion handicap horse of 1935, Discovery. He started eighteen times in 1935 and finished out of the money only twice. He won nine races, finished second twice, and was third four times.

Winner Over Champions

"In nearly all of his starts," David Alexander wrote in the New York *Morning Telegraph*, "he faced the best handicap performers in America and on two occasions he came home in front of the horse acclaimed as the champion of America's race-horses. You couldn't sneeze at a record like that, even if you had hay-fever."

Last week Top Row—he weighs only 950 pounds—beat a field that included such "bang-tails" as Discovery, the favorite; Time Supply, Azucar, Rosemont, and Whopper to earn $104,600 for his owner.

By winning the second running of the Santa Anita before a screaming crowd of 50,000 spectators, Top Row increased his earnings to $211,595.

"What otherwise would have been a glorious victory," said Paul Lowry of the Los Angeles *Times*, "was marred by a distinct foul. Top Row lugged in and pinned Time Supply on the rail in the stretch run. His stride broken, Time Supply finished second by half a length.

"Interference also ruined the chances of Rosemont, which finished third."

Bert Baroni, shrewd Reno, Nevada, sportsman, picked Top Row up for $3,500 in a claiming race in the fall of 1934, when he was a three-year old.

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Hockey Blast and "Cæsar's Wife"

Gustavus Kirby's Charge That England's Winning Olympic Hockey Team Was Unfairly Recruited Evokes Rejoinders

Acme

Gustavus Kirby and his daughter, Wilhelmine: His charges get quick reply from sports-writers

The 1936 Winter Olympic Games backfired in New York with the arrival from Germany of Gustavus Town Kirby, Treasurer of the American Olympic Committee, and former President of the Amateur Athletic Union.

Returning from a trip to Garmisch-Partenkirchen, where the English team won the hockey championship, Mr. Kirby clutched a microphone in his hands and blasted a condition he called "outrageous."

"Amateur hockey," Mr. Kirby shouted at reporters who came to meet him, "seems to be becoming a stench in the nostrils of honest sportsmen. While I am not criticizing American hockey, it is like Cæsar's wife. But the English played Canadians on their team on the theory they were born in England and 'once an Englishman, always an Englishman,' altho actually they were Canadian nationals.

"There are more than sixty Canadian players in Europe," Mr. Kirby continued. "All of them are supposed to be amateurs, but I'd like to ask how they make their living. But that does not trouble me as much as the way the British used Canadian players on their team.

Annoying Open Door

"I will admit that they were English-born, but they lived in Canada all their lives. What annoys me is that it leaves a door wide open for similar practises in track and field. Having been successful in using these players in the Winter Olympics, Great Britain would be able to use South Africans, Australians, and athletes from all her Dominions this summer."

Mr. Kirby's attack on the make-up of the English hockey team, which caused one of the several international flare-ups before the Winter Games began in Germany early this month, evoked little sympathy from sports-writers. Instead, they lifted the "Cæsar's wife" phrase out of the statement and fired blasts of their own at an old target.

Typical comment by Dan Parker, New York *Daily Mirror* columnist:

"Gustavus Kirby's bleat about the questionable amateurism of English hockey players recruited from Canada for the Olympic Games would carry much more weight were it not that the same situation exists right under his own nose in the so-called Eastern Amateur Hockey League, with the connivance of Mr. Kirby's Amateur Athletic Union. [The A.A.U. is the governing body of amateur hockey in the East.]

U. S. Not Absolved

"America is guilty of the same thing of which Mr. Kirby accuses England—that of using star Canadian hockey-players who happened to be born in the country they represented in the Olympics. Frank Shaughnessy, Jr., of the U. S. sextet, was born here but is really a Canadian, since he has lived in Montreal most of his life and learned his hockey at McGill. Back in 1924, Ray Bonney, Larry and Joe McCormick and Herb Drury, who were on the U.S. Hockey team, took the oath of American citizenship the night before the boat sailed for Europe."

Turning to hockey, in a discussion of commercialism in amateur athletics, Joe Williams of the New York *World-Telegram* wrote: "Amateur hockey, particularly as it is interpreted in the East, is about as amateur as Jim Londos, the wrestler.

"America was forced to send a mediocre hockey team to the Winter Olympics because the selection committee didn't dare nominate the more expert and better known 'amateurs.'

"This would have been akin to sending Ching Johnson and the two Cook brothers (of the New York Rangers Professional team) over as Simon pures."

Experiment at Princeton

Few college sports contribute less to the university coffers than track.

The Princeton Athletic Association dropped a bombshell with the announcement that as an experiment no admission charge would be made to the third Princeton invitation meet June 13. The move was made to forestall criticism that "Princeton was lining its pockets at the expense of amateur athletics." At the end of the last fiscal year, the Princeton A. A. books showed a deficit of $177,390.

Quick to disapprove of the plan as a pattern for other institutions were Major John L. Griffith, Athletic Commissioner of the Big Ten, and athletic directors at Pennsylvania, Yale, Syracuse, and elsewhere.

Said Major Griffith to the Associated Press: "The Princeton free-track idea sounds like some of the New Deal stuff. For years track has been a great sufferer at the gate and now Princeton wants to make it worse. It's silly."

"Misunderstood Head-Liner"

Jerome H. ("Dizzy") Dean, ace pitcher for the St. Louis Cardinals, became big league baseball's Hold-Out Number One last week.

Reputed correspondence between Dean, backbone of the St. Louis team, and Branch Rickey, Vice-President of the Cardinals, revealed that the pitcher's 1936 contract called for approximately $27,500 a year. On his last trip to St. Louis, Dean told club officials, "I'm worth $40,000 if I'm worth a penny."

Writing in his syndicated column last week, Grantland Rice described Dean as "probably the most misunderstood headliner in sport."

"He is supposed," said Rice, "to be a swell-head, a braggart, a dumb backwoodsman, an ignorant lout who happens to have a good right arm hanging to his shoulder. It so happens he is . . . likable, friendly, interesting, and there isn't a mean or a surly inch along his lanky frame of six feet three."

"Dizzy Dean": "neither mean nor surly"

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Finance and Industry

TVA: Bonfires, Sirens, and Fears

Tennessee River Basin Folk Parade With Torches After Victory; Interpretations of Decision; Editorials Differ on Meanings

Bonfires flared and sirens screamed in the Tennessee Valley. In Carnival spirit, the 2,000,000 men, women, and children who live in the 40,000 square miles encompassed by the TVA, celebrated victory for the New Deal project. Hillbilly bands played "Happy Days Are Here Again." Torch processions marched joyously through the main streets of hamlets.

The Supreme Court had decided eight to one in favor of the New Deal's Tennessee Valley Authority, only Mr. Justice McReynolds—himself a Tennesseean and Democrat—dissenting. New Dealers bogged down by recent NRA and AAA decisions, proclaimed triumph.

"Not only does this decision settle the right of the Federal Government to dispose effectively of the surplus power of such government projects as the Bonneville, Grand Coulee, and similar projects," jubilantly declared Frank R. McNinch, Chairman of the Federal Power Commission, "but it also puts the stamp of constitutional approval upon the underlying water-power policy of the Federal Power Act."

View of Utility Head

Wendell L. Willkie, President of the Commonwealth & Southern Corporation, told a representative of THE LITERARY DIGEST that "the TVA is primarily not a legal, but an economic and political, question." His Corporation controls subsidiaries in the Authority's area.

"The real query is," he said, "shall the Federal Government, with money collected from taxpayers in all parts of the nation, including the utility companies, expend hundreds of millions of dollars in a particular area in the non-governmental function of generating, transmitting, and distributing electric energy, thereby destroying the business of the utility companies in which hundreds of thousands of people have invested their savings, when the companies in that area could lower even the TVA rates by more than 25 per cent. if given the same subsidies from the Federal Treasury.

"The other TVA activities are merely the constitutional excuse used for the power activities."

Editorials Differ

Editorial opinion through the country differed. While all granted the Government a victory, many saw the triumph limited by the precise words of the Court's majority opinion.

"The Supreme Court's decision in the Tennessee Valley Authority case is strictly limited to questions arising out of a specific contract for the transmission of electrical energy generated at the Wilson dam," declared the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Ind.-Dem.).

"It does not, therefore, extend to 'the pronouncements, policies, and program of the Tennessee Valley Authority and its directors, their motives and desires . . . save as they had fruition in action of a definite and concrete character constituting an actual or threatened interference with the rights of the persons complaining.'

"So anxious is the Court to make its limited decision clear that it points out elsewhere that it is not now concerned with 'the question of the constitutional right of the Government to acquire or operate local or urban distribution systems,' or 'the status of any other dam or power development in the Tennessee Valley,' or 'the validity of the Tennessee Valley Authority Act.'

"All these, and an 'eloquently drawn' picture of the Federal Government engaging in business having no relation to the purposes for which the Federal Government was established, are 'irrelevant to the issue here.'"

© Underwood

Wendell Willkie, President of the Commonwealth and Southern Power Company, has his own ideas on the TVA decision

In Portland, Maine, *The Press-Herald* (Rep.) took a gloomy view:

"The Supreme Court's decision in the TVA case means that from now on companies having in view the development of their power facilities will probably encounter considerable difficulty in prevailing upon private capital to take the risk of investment in such projects.

"Who will want to risk capital in a business in which the Government, with all its resources, may be a competitor?

"Private enterprise can not compete with the Federal Government in this or any other industry. In-

For Girls To Get and Keep a Job — Even To-day —

to get along well in business and to make its association agreeable and pleasant are simply matters of knowing how.

SHE STRIVES TO CONQUER

Business Behavior, Opportunities and Job Requirements for Women

By Frances Maule

Some Typical Chapters are: What Business Manners Are—And Why; Women Are So Personal; Have You Got What It Takes?; Are You "Fit" For Your Job; Dressing The Part; Things Your Best Friend Won't Tell You; The Love Motif; If You Can Sell You Can Always Eat; Cashing In On Woman's Sphere; The Road to Almost Anywhere; Choosing Your Line; Etc.

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stead of promoting the utilization of all prospective hydroelectric plants, it seems likely to result in a long period of delay, with a depression of the market, for all public utility securities of this character."

In North Carolina, the Winston-Salem *Journal* (Ind.) saw government interference with private utility business as a false alarm:

"Now that the Supreme Court has spoken, the power companies should quit worrying about TVA, and spending so much of their money fighting it in the courts, and get down to business.

"If the record for the last year proves anything, it establishes the contention made by friends of TVA from the beginning that honest power companies have nothing to fear from the Government's great experiment. On the contrary, the Government's activities will tend to stimulate the power business throughout the country, and this will mean better business for electrical enterprises all along the line."

Unsettled Issues

The Indianapolis *News* (Ind.) granted that the ruling thoroughly established the Government's right to dam a stream, and sell incidental power.

"The points left unsettled are, however, of greater importance," the Indiana newspaper declared. "Whether it has the right to condemn and take land flooded by the impounded water was not an issue. Its right to force people to move from their land to other homesteads was not challenged.

"And, in particular, no question was raised as to its right to finance projects for the use of the energy. These questions will probably come up in due time.

"And, when they are settled, the people will know whether the taxes of all the people can be taken to benefit a few. The Court has not approved the socialistic phase of the scheme, and the people will continue to oppose it as an invasion of constitutional rights until the Court rules otherwise."

Norris Speaks Out

In Washington, Senator George W. Norris, "grandfather" of the TVA, accused opposition newspapers of attempting "to pull the power trust's 'chestnuts' out of the fire."

"The man who says this decision does not apply to any part of the Tennessee River except that part controlled by the Wilson Dam is simply whistling to keep up his courage," he said.

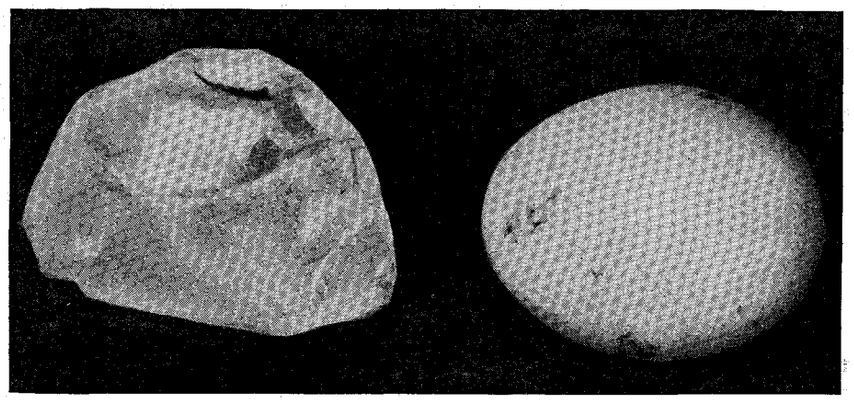
Following the decision, the National Resources Committee released a report by the Pacific Northwest Regional Planning Commission recommending the creation of a public corporation to develop the power resources of the Columbia Basin.

Meanwhile the ruling stirred to action municipalities which have asked for Public Works Administration funds with which to buy or construct their own distribution systems. Sixteen localities which have voted to buy TVA power, and which have received PWA allotments for the construction of systems, are checked by injunctions.

Knoxville, Tennessee, one of the cities checked, has a tentative contract.

Americans Buying More Diamonds

Rate of Marketing Accelerates, With 57 Per Cent. Rise During Year; Huge 726-Carat Jonker to be Cut Up Into Small Stones



The lump next to the hen's egg is the Jonker diamond, the largest in the world

Diamond producers carefully watch the progress of American business. For the United States, with virtually no diamond output, is the world's best market for the precious stones.

In his annual review of the industry, Sydney H. Ball, expert on precious stones, noted progress since the summer of 1932, with the pace accelerated last year.

"While the industry can not be prosperous until times in America, its best customer, better," he said, "the marked improvement is heartening."

World production, judging from preliminary figures, approached 7,000,000 carats, an increase by weight of some 24 per cent. over 1934, altho a larger percentage of the production was of industrial stones. The gain in stones suitable for jewelry reached about 20 per cent.

Africa Chief Source

Diamond production centers in Africa, with a relatively small amount coming from other continents. Normally about 95 per cent. of the production of mines is sold through the Diamond Corporation of London, which buys on contract from the principal producers.

"In 1935 the Corporation's sales were well over £6,000,000 (about $30,000,000), or say a half more than in 1934," Mr. Ball said. "Prices of rough (uncut) diamonds, firm throughout the year, were raised 7½ per cent. in September.

"The sales of cut diamonds were equally satisfactory and, as always, world-wide. British India continued to purchase large quantities, selling its stocks of gold at $35 an ounce and purchasing diamonds and other gems at what the astute Hindus believed to be bargain prices.

"The United States imports of polished diamonds were 57 per cent. above those of 1934, altho but 30 per cent. of those of 1929."

Mr. Ball estimated the total value of United States imports of rough and cut diamonds in 1934 at more than $12,000,000. In 1935, as in 1934, he said, "a number of fine large stones were sold in America as an investment, as they were in Hungary, Belgium, and other countries where the citizens were harassed by doubts as to the stability of the currency or other fears.

"The famous Jonker diamond found on January 16, 1934, near Pretoria, South Africa, weighs 726 carats and is one of the finest large pieces of rough of all time," the review noted. "It was brought to the United States in June, 1935, and thousands of New Yorkers had the opportunity to examine it. It is understood that the Jonker Diamond will be cut up into a number of good-sized stones."

Marketing Explained

To a representative of THE LITERARY DIGEST, Mr. Ball explained how diamonds reach the eventual purchaser. The Diamond Corporation of London, in which many of the chief producers are interested, through its subsidiary, Diamond Trading Company, "at stated intervals when the market is in need of uncut stones, invites brokers to examine shipments of rough diamonds and they are permitted to purchase same. These brokers may represent large cutting establishments or may be purchasing for themselves, expecting to sell the diamonds later to cutters.

"Antwerp is by far the largest of the cutting centers of the world, altho Amsterdam, Hanau, and other near-lying cities in Germany are important. Small groups of cutters are widely scattered all over the world.

"After the rough goods have been reduced in weight a half by cutting, the polished diamonds are purchased by the jewelers of the world. The most important jewelers purchase from polishing establishments direct while smaller ones obtain their gems after they have passed through the hands of several successive brokers."

About Mr. Ball, "Who's Who in America" notes that he has had a "general practise in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Greenland since 1909." The mining engineer and geologist doesn't like to talk about himself. But his exposure-lined face brightens when the deep bass of an ocean liner's whistle echoes in his downtown New York City office. He's apt to leave for distant lands at any time.

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Setting New Mark in Truck Sales

President Black of White Motor Company Selling by "Fleet" Method; Mingles With Working Crews to Test Mechanical Innovations

In a single busy day, Robert F. Black often seeks varied information—and gets it—in informal talks with his barber, a taxi driver, workmen in his plant, truck-operators, and truck-fleet owners.

When he became the hard-working head of the White Motor Company, makers of White trucks, company officials called him "the most experienced man in the truck industry."

The phrase meant nothing to Mr. Black. "The chief cause of business failure in this country has been the closing of managing minds," he said. "When a man convinces himself that he knows all there is to know about a subject he is on the way out."

The forty-six-year-old motor executive, stocky and partly bald, keeps his ears open and his mind alert. He wants to know everything he can first hand.

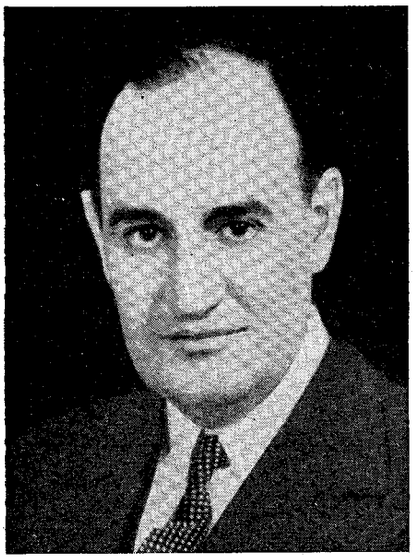
To test its 1936 line of trucks the White company sent a crew to the mountains of Pennsylvania. For eight weeks the huge motors roared up and down steep grades. Then the operators sent full reports to their company, and prepared to leave.

"Wait," came over the wire. Next day President Black arrived, stepped into one of the praised models, and personally tested every claim.

Last week sales figures showed what truck buyers think of his new stream-lined models. Orders in January increased 77 per cent. over January, 1935, and deliveries rose 64 per cent. Orders and deliveries for the first week of February nearly equaled the total for February last year.

White suffered severely during the depression, showing total operating losses of $13,000,000, in the five years, 1930-34. In 1935 its sales of 6,200 were down from 1934.

"Probably the chief difficulty with White in 1935 was the delayed introduction of its new truck in the ton and ton-and-a-half field," analyzes *The Wall Street Journal*.



Acme

Robert F. Black: he sent White trucks up and down mountains in Pennsylvania

"The new model was originally scheduled to come out in April, but did not appear until September. . . . The company is now making strides toward regaining its original position in the truck field. . . .

"It is receiving orders at a rate that, if continued, will place operations on a profitable basis."

Fleet Salesmanship

Associates credit President Black, who assumed office last year, with the salesmanship that resulted in orders for 273 trucks from nine customers recently. The White firm originated this "fleet" method of selling trucks. It also led in complete streamlining of all its models.

The White company started a few years before the War Between the States as a sewing machine firm. It entered the transportation field in the late eighties with the addition of a roller-skating department. The bicycle craze in the nineties added a new product.

A few years later the famous White Steamers, steam motor-cars, chugged down the nation's roads. President Taft purchased one for his own use in 1909.

After the World War the company dropped passenger-car production and concentrated on trucks and buses. More than 150,000 White vehicles are now rolling on streets and highways all over the world.

The City of New York alone uses 1,800, including police patrol-wagons, fire-trucks, and ambulances. New York's huge Bellevue Hospital operates fifty White ambulances. The City also recently purchased a fleet of armored Whites to protect municipal pay-rolls.

Foresees Record

Mr. Black sees still greater things ahead. "The outlook for the truck and bus industry is the best in five years, and a new all-time record high for truck and bus sales will be set this year," he told a representative of The Literary Digest.

An article in *Forbes Magazine* lists Mr. Black's qualifications as down-to-earth spokesman for the industry:

"Seventeen years' experience in building and selling trucks—first with Mack International and then as President of Brockway before he went to Cleveland—has given Mr. Black a knowledge of every operation in a truck factory.

"He knew that the White plant could double its output, because he spends a full hour in the shops every day he is in Cleveland.

"In many factories, workmen resent visits from the high command, the reason being that, as a rule, the 'brass hats' arrive in delegations, and are inclined to be peremptory.

"But Black goes in by himself, sometimes in shirt-sleeves. His greeting to each man is direct and personal—'My name's Black, what's yours?'"

Revival in Home Life

A Place to Work and Play and Not Just Eat and Sleep

"American families have discovered that home is not just a place to eat and sleep, but a place in which to enjoy work and play," writes Arthur Hirose in the mid-February issue of *Advertising & Selling*.

"Born of the depression, this revival of home life will not go out with the depression," he declares in his article, "The Renaissance of Home Life in America."

"Every indication shows that people once again are *liking* home life. It isn't a question of men and women staying home because they have no money to go elsewhere. They're staying home *and* spending money.

"If you don't think people are spending money on home workshops, model-making, tropical fish, knitting and needlecraft, home movies and other home pastimes, just talk to an addict—they are numerous and easy to find. . . .

Meaning to Business

"What does all this mean to business—to the manufacturer, to the advertising man? To the manufacturer, it would seem to indicate that the business of making and selling products for home consumption, as distinct from personal consumption, will be a good business for a long time to come."

To substantiate his point, Mr. Hirose cites recent data:

"The Federal Reserve Bank of New York comes along and tells us that books and magazines, with a gain of 26 per cent. over the preceding year, led in the sales gains of department stores in the (New York) district during December, 1935. . . .

"More homes are now wired for electricity than at any time in the history of America. . . . More clothes-washing-machines for home use were sold last year than in any other year. . . . The sales of automatic refrigerators in 1935 were larger than in any year in history. . . . More people bought electric ranges last year than in any year since they were first sold. . . . More homes installed ironing machines, automatic oil-burners, and radios. . . .

"Home-building in 1935 came to nearly $500,000,000, as compared with $249,000,000 in 1934. . . .

Boom in Pianos

"Maybe we thought the piano business was pretty dead, but the piano factories celebrated a gala sales month in November, 1935—sales were 47 per cent. ahead of the same month a year before, and 186 per cent. greater than the corresponding month three years before. . . .

"Two nice statistics on dogs are here in front of us. One estimates the present annual prepared dog-food business at $40,000,000. The other figure indicates the canine population of the United States has increased from 5,000,000 in 1929, that glorious year of prosperity, to 15,000,000 in 1935. . . .

"Ten million women are knitting, according to a statistician of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, who ought to know."

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The Open Forum

Ribbon of Empire

Sir:—In your February 1 issue there appears on "The Open Forum Page" a letter under the caption "Ribbon of Empire," which would give credit for the idea of a continuous highway from Coast to Coast, to Robert B. Scott of Fayetteville, Arkansas.

The dream of a continuous highway extending from Coast to Coast is almost as old as the United States itself. The old National Road which was finally extended from the Atlantic Seaboard to St. Louis was a part of this dream.

On February 7, 1849, Senator Benton introduced a bill to provide for a national railroad to extend from St. Louis to San Francisco.

All of these proposals for a straight line highway extending from Coast to Coast appear to lose sight of the fundamental purpose of a highway, which is to serve the transportation needs of the community through which it passes. Transcontinental travel by automobile represents a negligible part of the total movement of motor vehicles within the United States. E. E. East.

Chief Engineer Automobile Club of Southern California.
Los Angeles.

CCC

Sir:—in regard to the article "A General Tests the CCC Boy" in your January 25 issue, and General Laubach's remarks, permit me to say:

His statement: "A Protestant service held for 9,000 boys drew a congregation of thirty-four," sounds almost unbelievable. It was my privilege to conduct services in CCC camps and I certainly can not complain of the lack of interest or attendance at divine services.

I say "hats off" to the CCC Commanders and boys of our camps. The money that these boys have saved the country, in preventing forest fires, erosion, preserving wild life, and planting new forests, etc., etc., will I believe, in most cases, pay far more than their keep.

[The Rev.] Herbert H. Stahnke.
Charter Oak, Iowa.

I, Not Y

Sir:—Your article in issue of February 8, headed "Mother's Creed Costly," relative to a Newark judge who awarded custody of two children to the father because the wife was a communist and atheist, contains a quotation from the *Atlantic City Press* in which the name of a great American is spelled Thomas Payne, whereas the correct spelling is Thomas *Paine*.

Whether The Digest or the editor quoted is guilty of error is not known, but if editors and judges were more familiar with such works of Thomas *Paine* as "The Rights of Man" and "The Age of Reason," such intolerant decisions would not be made.

Bennett Larson.
Milwaukee.

[We apologize for a typographical error. Of course the name is Thomas Paine.—Editor.]

California

Sir:—Your article in The Literary Digest of February 15, "California: No Hobo Utopia," was most interesting and true, and above all a blow to the American people.

While there is plenty of fresh air in California, sooner or later one will have to buy it in order to breathe it.

Girard de Sylva Dawn III.
Oakland, California.

Sir:—After reading page 9 of February 15 issue, I began wondering if to spend the latter part of the winter in Sunny California, I had better first apply to Washington, D. C., for a passport or just give it up entirely and change to Florida or some other place.

Odra Lusby.
Kansas City.

Old Kickapoo

Sir:—With reference to "Record" under "Sport Shots" in the February 8 Literary Digest:

Alpha T did not establish a record by going to the post without a single backer. Turf experts need not go further back than the last meeting at Aguas Calientes to discover that a horse called Old Kickapoo, without anybody betting on him to win, actually won the race. He paid nothing to win and two hundred and thirty-six dollars to place and forty-five dollars to show.

Harry Coslove.
New York City.

Alliteration's Artful Aid

Sir:—Ex-President Hoover in his speech-making has become more terse and epigrammatic. The style of his sentences is staccato. He drives home his points with punch lines.

He has become a master of the pithy paragraph in order to pun himself into a position as a presidential possibility.

How's that for alliteration?

R. C. O'Brien.
New York City.

Edward VIII

Sir:—I thoroughly enjoyed all the articles in the February 1 issue concerning the new Ruler of the British Empire. Especially I enjoyed the editorial comments from the leading Canadian newspapers.

In a 'Foreign Comment' article entitled, "EDWARD VIII TAKES UP ROYAL BURDEN," it said that "the new King . . . maintained his composure, as he limped along." Does that mean the King is lame or that he was footsore after the long and faithful march in the royal funeral procession?

Carl F. Laubach.
Pittsburgh.

[King Edward VIII of England is not lame. Fatigue and strain caused him to limp in the funeral procession.—Editor.]

Motherhood

Sir:—Education in the Profession of Motherhood is not new in these United States of America, as a recent article in your magazine implied.

Twenty years ago the Mothers' Educational Center was opened in Los Angeles. It has functioned continually since, having served over two hundred thousand mothers and their babies. Also, plans for the establishment of like centers have been furnished Canada, Mexico, and Japan. Dr. Maud Wilde.

Managing Director, Mothers' Educational Center Association.
Los Angeles.

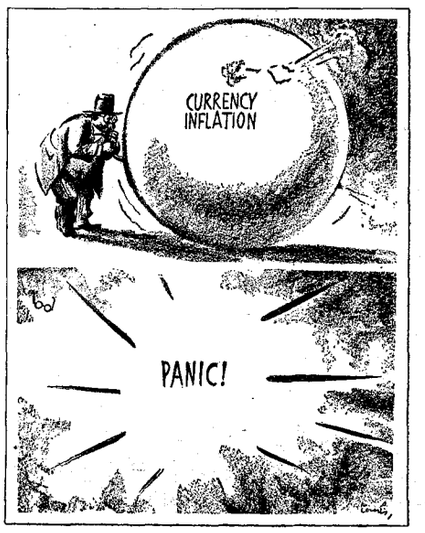
Delilah

Sir:—I was interested in a communication in the "Open Forum" which criticized the way in which Delilah [in the cartoon, January 18 issue] held her shears when she was cutting Samson's hair. The only trouble with that and with the cartoon from the German humorous weekly is that Delilah did not cut Samson's hair.

In other respects I have no fault to find with the statement, but instead of Delilah doing the business, she got a man to do the job. See Judges 16, verse 19:

"And she made him sleep upon her knees; and she called for a man, and she caused him to shave off the seven locks of his head."

George H. Tripp,
Librarian.
New Bedford, Massachusetts.



And Then What Have You?
—*Milwaukee* Journal

Sir:—Delilah did not cut off Samson's hair! See Judges, Chapter 16, verse 19.

It is interesting to note in passing that Mae West, in one of her recent pictures, made the same mistake when she said, in referring to Delilah, "There was one lady barber who made good."

Also, you can ask your clergymen friends, "Who cut off Samson's hair?" and nine out of ten will answer, "Delilah."

John P. Phifer.
Wilkinsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Cincinnati's Mayor

Sir:—As far as you are concerned, Cincinnati is still without a Mayor. In a recent article "Turmoil in Cincinnati" you said that Councilman Herbert S. Bigelow deadlocked the vote for mayor, 4-4-1.

Since many of us lean rather heavily on your paper for the news of the day, it is rather mean to insert one instalment of a juicy news item, leave off at an exciting point, and then forget all about it in the next issue. Harry Laven.
Washington, D. C.

[Russell Wilson, the Charter Reform candidate, was elected Mayor by a 5-4 vote.—Editor.]

1946 Autos

Sir:—In the Jan. 25 issue of The Digest the motor car of 1946 was described. It was supposed to be speeding along a super-highway, but, if I may ask, just exactly how much will this super-car cost? I would like to start saving right now. M. Levinson.
Chicago.

Hurrah!

Sir:—Hurrah! The Literary Digest has recovered and is again giving us all the news worth while—without fear or favor.

E. P. Thomas.
Manhattan, Nevada.

Sir:—I am renewing my subscription to The Digest—it is like bringing home a prodigal—now that it is in old-time shape and condition. Congratulations. Alfred Price.
Pacific Grove, California.

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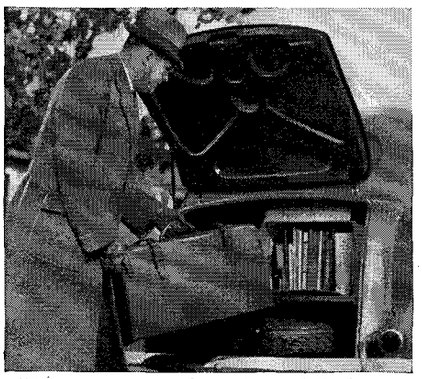
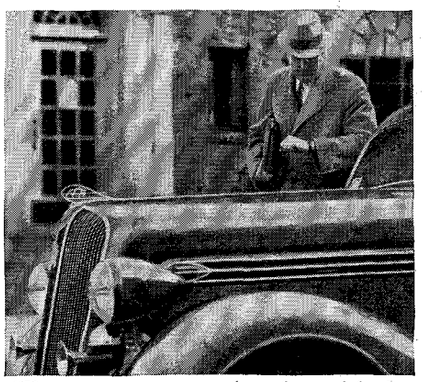
"I Count Costs to the Penny!

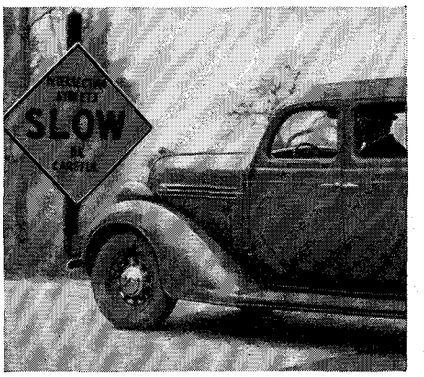
I KNOW PLYMOUTH COSTS LESS TO RUN"



"I CARRY A LOT of samples and displays... Plymouth's big trunk is just the thing."

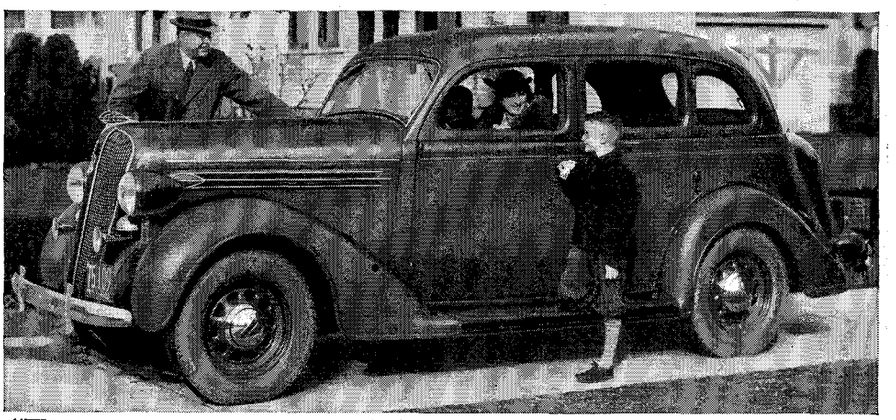


"DEPENDABLE as a good watch...and that's exactly what my Plymouth means to me!"



"PLYMOUTH'S genuine hydraulic brakes make driving much easier — as well as safe."

"AVERAGES 19.6 miles per gallon, and uses less oil than any car I've had."



"WE HAVE FOUR CHILDREN and need a big car," says Mr. Nowell, "and we picked this 1936 Plymouth because it's so roomy and comfortable! We always feel safer in its Safety-Steel body, too."

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH J. ROGER NOWELL, SALESMAN
207 MIDDLESEX STREET, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

"I'VE KEPT RECORDS of every cent spent on my cars. I *know* Plymouth costs less to run." Roger Nowell, representative for a New England paper company, drives 35,000 miles a year.

"I make fifteen stops a day," says Mr. Nowell, "and my 1936 Plymouth is averaging exactly 19.6 miles to the gallon.

"And let me tell you I wouldn't own a car without genuine hydraulic brakes... driving in the mountains as much as I do. I have checked my tire-marks on a wet road after a quick stop and found them perfectly straight.

"In every way, it's a reliable car," Mr. Nowell says, "and I've never noticed any strain or fatigue driving it."

Isn't this what *you* want in your next car? Drive this beautiful 1936 Plymouth. Try it out for safety, economy, comfort and reliability. Your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer will gladly arrange a trial ... *ask for it*, before you buy *any* car!

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

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